STORES OF

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WRITE POPPIES OF DEATH.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. BY KATHERINE KINGSTON FILER

Blow, poppler, in your mantling leaves of And wresthe a snow-white crown to deck

your queen, who long doth weep,
And pray to fall asleep
From life, and love unsatisfied, and breath,
Crowned with the opium blooms of poppied
death.

Blow, poppies, white beneath the starry night, Whose sparkling dew spon your bosoms light, Nestles in slumber aweet; With weary hands and feet, With weary heart and life, but silent lips, One waiteth long for death, life's brief eclipse.

Breathe, poppied breath of alumbrous death, One is weary. Christ, in mercy, saith: "He giveth His beloved sleep." Softly she now doth weep, And look with tearful eyes across the night, To where her bads unfold their petals white. Blow, blooms of fate, afar in Heaven there

wait
A palm, a herp, a robe of saintly state,
Sweet love, and music sweet,
Rest for her tired feet,
Peace for her heart that aches through all

the years, ceeping eyes surcease of blinding tears.

Blow, poppies, blow, for one is white and dead;
Thus will we scatter blossoms on her bed,
Clasp them within her hand.
Far to the silent land,

is nor pain, nor death, her soul hath flown, And she is dead with all her poppies blown

BESSY RANE.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE," "GEORGE CANTERBURY'S WILL," &c.

PART THE SECOND.

CHAPTER XXVII.

WHAT JELLY SAW.

"It was too true, Mrs. Rane was dead," said sympathizing people one to the other: for even that same night the sad tidings went partially out to Dallory. What with the death of Hepburn, the undertaker, and now the doctor's wife—both prominent people, so to say, in connection with the sickness—something like consternation fell on such as heard it. Dr. Rane carried the news himself to Dallory Hall, catching Mr. North just as he was going to bed, and imparting it to him in the most gentle and soothing manner he knew how. Fearing that if he left it until morning, it might reach him more abruptly, the doctor thus made haste. From thence he went on to Hepburn's. He had chanced to meet Francis Dallory in coming out of Seeley's; he met some one slee he knew; these imparted the tidings to others; so that many heard of it that night.

But now we come to a very strange and singular thing that happened to Jelly. Jelly in her tart way was sufficiently good-hearted. There was sickness in Ketlar's house; the wife bad her three day's old infant; the lifting like constrained and Jelly chose to sacrifice an afternoon to the nursing of them. Much as she disapproved of the man's joising the Trades' Union and upholding the strike, often as she had as-

in her tart way was sufficiently good-hearted. There was sickness in Ketlar's house; the wife had her three day's old infant; the little girl, Ciesy, got worse and weak r; and Jelly chose to sacrifice an afternoon to the nursing of them. Much as she disapproved of the man's joining the Trades' Union and upholding the strike, often as she had assured him that both starving and the workhouse, whichever he might prefer, were too good for him, now that misfortune lay upon the house, Jelly came-to a little. Susan Ketlar was her cousin; and, after all, she was not to blame for her husband's wrong doings. Accordingly, in the afternoon of the last day of Mrs. Rune's illness, Jelly went forth to Ketlar's, armed with some beef tea, and a few scrape for the half-famished children, the whole enclosed in a reticule bag.

reticule bag.

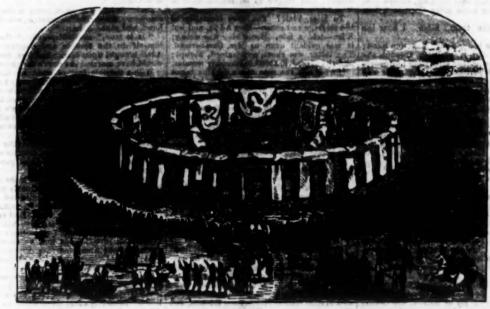
"I shall take the latch-key," she said, in starting, to the cook, who was commouly called Dirah, "so you can go to bed. If Susan Ketlar's very ill, I may stop late. Mind you put a box of matches on the slab in the hall."

Mind you put a box of matches on the slab in the hall."

Busan Ketlar was not very ill, Jelly found; but the child, Cissy, was. So ill, that Jelly hardly knew whether to leave her at all, or not. The mother could not attend to her; Ketlar had gone tramping off beyond Whitborough after Union work, and had not come back. Only that she thought Mrs. Cumberland would not be pleased if she came to hear that Jelly, the confidential servant left in charge, had stayed out for a night, leaving the house with only the cook in it, she, Jelly, had certainly stayed. At past twelve poor Ketlar got home, dead beat, sick, faint, having walked several miles without food. Jelly blew him up a little—she considered to the Trades' Union, deserved nothing but blewing up on any score—hade him look to Cissy, told him ungraciously that there was a loaf in the pan, and came away. Ketlar,

STATE OF

- Dange



STONEHENGE AND THE DRUIDS.

Stonehenge is an assemblage of enormous stones in England, how or when brought together, we have no record. There seems to have been originally two circles and two ovals of stones, one within suother. The largest circle measures about 300 feet round. It consists of thirty upright stones, originally connected by thirty other stones laid across them at the top, and fitted into each other by artificial means. Within this circle, at a distance of only eight feet, is another circle of much shorter and esemingly elder stones. Within this circle are five enormous trilithous, as they are called—that is, two

uprights supporting one laid across them at the top, something like a door-frame. The highest, which has now fallen, was twenty-aix feet high.

Within these trilithous were nineteen stones, forming a second oval, and containing among them what goes by the name of the altar-stone; and the common supposition is, that on this sitar eictims were formerly offered—perhape Assman victims, either to the sun ar some idel. But the old, or usi idelatry has been so completely swept away, that nothing remains of it, even in history, but these huge stones, standing

fit to drop though he was, civilly offered to see her home; but all the thanks he got in return, was a recommendation to attend to his own concerns and not to meddle with

care.

care."

It was striking one. Letting berself in with the latch-key, Jelly felt for the box of matches, passing her hand cautiously over the marble table. And passed it in vain; no matches were there.

"Forgetful huzzy!" ejaculated Jelly, apostrophising the uncon-cious Dinah.
"Much good she's of!"
So J. ity open, access

"Much good she's of!"
So Jelly crept quietly up-stairs in the
dark, knowing she had matches in her own
chamber; and in a minute came upon another of the negligent Dinab's delinquencies.
She had cmitted to draw down the blind of

other of the negligent Dinah's delinquencies. She had omitted to draw down the blind of the large window on the landing.

"She has been out at that back-door, talking to people," quoth Jelly, in her wrath. "Just like her! Won't she get a taste of my tongue in the merning!"

Turning to draw do en the blind herself, she was suddenly arrested, with the cord in her hand, by a sight in the opposite landing—Dr. Rane's. Standing there, dressed in something white, which Jelly at the time took for a nightgown or petiticoat, was Mrs. Rane. The landing was faintly lighted, as if by some distant candle, invisible to Jelly, but Mrs. Rane was perfectly distinct, her features and even their expression quite clear. The first thought that crossed Jelly was, that Mrs. R ne was delirious; but she looked too still for that. She did not move; and the eyes had a fixed stare, as it seemed to Jelly. But that she herself must have been invisible from the surrounding darkness, she would have thought Mrs. Rane was staring at Acr. For a rull minute this lasted; Jelly watching, Mrs. Rane never stirring.

"What in the world brings her standing."

stirring.
"What in the world brings her standing there?" quoth Jelly, in her amazement.

"And what can she be staring at? It can't till then—and found her dead. I can tell be at me."

But at that moment Jelly's bag slipped off her arm and fell on the carpet with a bang. It caused her to shift her gaze from the opposite landing for a single second—It really did not aeem longer. When she looked again, the place was in darkness; Mrs. Rane and the faint light were alike gose.

"She has no business to be out of her bed; the doctor ought to tell her so if he's at heme," thought Jelly. "Any way, she must be a great deal better: for I don't think it's delirium."

She waited a short while, but nothing more was seen. Drawing down the blind with a jerk, Jelly picked up her bag, and passed on to her own chamber—one of the back rooms on this floor—where she alept undisturbed until morning.

She lay late. Being amenable to nobody while Mrs. Cumberland was away, the house's mi tress in fact, as well as Dusah's, Jelly did not hurry herself. She was no laggard in general, especially on a Saturday, but felt ittered after her weary aftermont at Ketlar's and from having goue so late to rost. Breakfast was roady lu the kitchem when she got down; Dusah—a red-faced young woman in a brown-spotted cotton gown—being bury at the fire over the coffee.

"Now then?" began Jelly—her favorite phrase when ahe was augry. "What have you got to say fer yourself?" Whereabouts on the slab did you put those matches last might?"

Dinah, taken-to, tilted the kettle back. Until that moment she had not thought of her negligence.

"I'm afraid I never put'em at all she said.

"No you didn't put 'em," retorted Jelly with stincing combasis. "And I'd like to go all that the got outside, was the appearsnoe of the doctor as described outside, was the appearsnoe of the docsers for the doces.

asid.
"No you didn't put 'cm," retorted Jelly with stinging emphasis. "And I'd like to

"No you didn't put em, results to with stinging emphasis. "And I'd like to know why you didn't; and what you were about, not to?"
"I'm sare I'm sorry," said Dinab, who was a tractable kind of girl. "I forgot it, I suppose, in the upset about poor Mrs. Rane."

Rane."
"In the upset about poor Mrs. Rane," scornfully repeated Jelly. "What upset you, prsy, about her?—"And you've never seen out to fasten back the shutters!"
"She's dead," answered Dinab—and the ready tears came into the girl's eyes.—"That's what I've got the abutter half-to for. I thought you'u most likely not have heard it."

A little confusion arose in Jelly's mind.

Mrs. Raue's death (as she suppose) could not possibly have occurred before morning: the neglect, as to the matches, was last night. But, in the shock of the news, she passed this over. Her tart tone went away as by magic; her face changed to adness.

"Dead! When did she die, Dinab?"

"It was about nine o'clock last night, they think. And she lay an bour after that in her bed, Jelly, getting cold, before it was found out." A little confusion arose in Jelly's mind.

out." hearing this, Jelly's first impression hearing this, Jelly's first impression with her.

was that Dinah must be playing with her. The girl came from the fire with the coffee,

whom her eyes.

'Now what d'ye mean, girl? Mrs. Rane
didn't die last night—as I can snawer for."

'Oh, but she did, Jelly. Dr. Rane went
up to her as ten o'clock—he had been out.

The first thing that struck Jelly when she got outside, was the appearance of the doctor's house. It was closely shut up, doors and windows, and the blinds were down. As Jelly stood, looking up, she saw Mr. Seeley standing at his door without his hat. She went over and accosted him.

"Is it true, sir, that Mrs. Bane is dead?"
"Quite true," was the answer. "She died yesterday evening, poor lady. It was terribly sudden."

Jelly felt a very queer sensation take her. But she was in a fog of disbellef yet. Mr. Seeley was called to from within, and Jelly returned and knocked softly at Dr. Rane's door. Phillis opened it, her eyes swollen with crying. The first thing that struck Jelly when she

with crying.
"I say, Phillis, whatever is all this?" de-manded Jelly, in a low tone. "When did

she die?"

"Stop a bit," interposed Phillis, arresting her entrance. "You'd better not come in. I am not afraid; and, for the matter of that, somebody must be here; but it in't well for those to run risks that needn't. The doctor says it was the quickest and most malignant case of them ail."

"I never campit any disorder in my life.

"I never caught any disorder in my life, and I don't fear that I ever shall," answered Jelly, quietly making her way to the kitchen. "When did she die, Phillis?"

"When did she die, Phillis?"

"About nine o'clock last evening, as is thought. The minute and hour won't never be known for sure: at ten, when the doctor found her, she was getting cold. And for us below to have thought her quietly sleeping!" wound up Phillis with a sob.

The queer sensation grew into tremor.

Jelly had nover experienced anything like it in her whole life. She stood against the dresser, staring at Phillis helplessly.

"I don't think she could have died last evening," whispered Jelly presently.

"And I'm sure I as little thought she was dying," returned Phillia. "The last time I went up was about half-after seven: she was asleep then; that I'm positive of; and it seemed a good bealthy sleep, for the breathing was as regular as could be. Home-time after eight o'clock, master went up; he came down and said she was still descripe.

as if a breath of wind might do the same for her. Her face and lips had turned of a yellow whiteness.

"The master opened the door to me; and told me all about it; shoos his finding her, and that, close upon my going out," continued Paillis. "He's frightfully out up, poor man. Not that there's any tears, but his face is heavy and and, like one looks who has never been in bed all night—as he hasn't been. I found a blanket on the dining-room sofa, so he must have lain down there."

"Where is he now?" asked Jelly.

"Out. He was fetched to somebody at Dallery. I must stir up the pots," added Phillis, alinding to the earthen jars that stood about with the disinfectants. "Master charged me to do it every hour. It's unferfor the undertaker's men and others that have to come to the house."

Taking a piece of stick, she went into the hall, to wherever stood a jar, and gave the contents a good stir. The dining-room door was open: Dr. Rane's solitary breakfast was laid there, waiting for him. From thesee, Phillis went up the staircase to the other jur. Jelly followed.

"Nasty stuff! I do hate the smell of it," muttered Phillis. "I'd not come up if I were you," she added to Jelly, in a low, hushed voice that we all are apt to use when near the dead.

Jelly diaregarded the injunction. She believed herself safe: and was not prone to take advice at the best of times. "Whatevar's that?" she exclaimed when she reached the landing.

The about hat had been flapping for two days outside the bed-room door, now flapped, wet as ever, on the landing before the door of the ante-room. Dr. Rane deemed this the better place for it now. Phillis gave it some knocks with the stick to bring out its naving properties.

Compared to the gloom of the rest of the heavy heisind its drawn hillings, this landing.

some knocks with the stick to bring out its saving properties.

Compared to the gloom of the rest of the house, behind its drawn blinds, this landing, with its wide, staring, uncovered window, was strikingly bright. Jelly glanced around, it might have been thought nervously, only that she was not a nervous women. Here, in the middle of the floor, at one o'clock in the morning, her face turned to that window, had stood Mrs. Rane. If not Mrs. Rane—who?—or what?

"Phillis," whisrered Jolly, "I should like

to see her."
"You can't," answered Phillis.
"Nonsense. I am not afraid."
"But you can't, Jelly. See is fastened down."

dewn."

"She is! Why what do you mean?"
broke off Jelly.

Phillis took up a corner of the sheet, unlocked the door—in which the key was left—and opened it half an inch for Jelly to peep in. There, in the middle of the gray room stood a closed coffin, supported on trestles. In the shock of the surprise Jelly fell back against the wall, and began to tremble.

The idea that came over her—as she said to some one afterwards—was, that Mrs. Rane had been put into the coffin alive. What with the sight of the previous night (and Jelly did not yet admit to herself the full thought of what that sight might have been), and what with this, she felt in a kind of bewildered horror. Recovering herself a little, wildered horror. Recovering herself a little, she pushed past the sheet into the room, but with creeping, timid steps. "Jelly, I'd not do it! The master charged me not."

But Jelly never heard. Or, if she heard, did not heed. It was a common deal shell: its lid nailed down. Jelly touched it with

its lid nailed down.
her fore-finger.
"When was she put in here, Phillis?"
"When was she put in here, Phillis?"

"Sometime during the night."

"And fastened down at once?"

"To be sure. I found it like this when I came this morning."

"But—why need there have been such haste?"

Because it was safest to. Safest for us

"Because it was safest so. Safest for us that are living, as my master said. The leaden one will be here to-day."

Well—of course it was safer. Jelly could but acknowledge it, and recovered herself somewhat. She wished she had not seen—that—in the night. It was that sight, so unaccountable, that was turning her mind madde down. upside down.

Second Co.

With her customary lack of ceremony, Jelly opened the bed-room door, and looked in. It had not been put to rights: Phillis said her master would not let her go in to do it until the two rooms should have heavy fumigated. Medicine bottles stood should the bed-clothes lay over the foot of the bed, just as limpheum's men must have flamy thouse when they removed the dead. On the dressing-lable lay a bow of him ribbon that poor Boary had worn in her gown the last day she bad one on, a waistleand with its buckle, and other trifles. Jelly began to feel oppressed, so if her breach were getting short, and came away hastily. Phillis stood on the landing beyond the shoet.

15 seems like a dream, Phillis."

on the landing beyond the smoot.

"It seems like a dream, Phillis."

"I wish we could awake and find it was one," answered Phillis, peactically, as she turned the key in the lock: and they went

Not a minute too soon. Before they had ell reached the kitchen, Dr. Rane's latch-

key was heard.
"There's the master," cried Phillis under her breath, as he turned into his consulting-room. "It's a good thing he didn't find us

up there."
"I want to say a word to him, Phillis; I
think I'il go in," said Jelly, taking a sudden
recolution to acquaint Dr. Rune with what
she had seen. The truth was, her mind feit
so unbinged, knowing not what to believe,
what to disbelieve, that she thought she
must speak, or dis.

must speak, or die.
"Need you bother him now?—what's it about?" seked Paillis. "I'd let him get his breakfest first.

breakfast first."

But Jelly went on to the consulting-room door; and found herself nearly knocked over by the doctor—who was turning swiftly out of it. She asked if she could speak to him; he said Yes, if she'd be quick; but he wanted to catch Mr. Beeley before the latter went out.

out.
"And your breakfast, master?" called out

"And your breakfast, master?" called out Phillis in a pitying tons.

"I'll take some presently," was the answer. "What is it that you want, Jelly?"

Jelly carefully closed the door before speaking. She then entered on her tale. At first the doctor supposed, by this show of caution, that she was going to consult him on some private aliment, St. Antony's fire in the face, for instance, or St. Vitus's dance in the legs; and thought she might have chosen a more opportune time. But he soon found it was nothing of the kind. With her hand pressing heavily the cibow of the patients chair, Jelly told her tale. The doctor stood facing her, his arms folded, his back to the drawn-down blind. At first he did not appear to understand.

not appear to understand.

"Saw my affeupon the landing in her night-gows!" he exclaimed—and Jeliy thought he looked startled. "Surely she was not so imprudent as to get out of bed and go there!"

"But, air, it is said that she was then dead!"

Dead when? She did not die until nine

"Dead when? She did not die until nine o'clock. She could not have known what she was doing," continued Dr. Rane, passing nis hand over his forebead. "Perhaps she may have caught a chill. Perhaps."

"You are misunderstanding me, air," interrupted Jelly. "It was in the night I saw this; some hours after Mrs. Rane's death."

Dr. Rane's face took a puzzled expression. He looked narrowly at Jelly, as if wondering what it was she would say.

ing what it was she would say.

"Not less night?"

"Yes, sir. Or, I'd rather say this morning; for it was one o'clock, I saw her standing there as plainly as I see you at this mo-

ent." "Why, Jelly, you must have been dream-

"I was as wide awake, sir, as I am now. I had just got home from Ketlar's. I can't think what it was I did see," added Jelly, dropping her voice.
"You saw nothing," was the decisive an

swer—and in the doctor's tone there was some slight touch of anger. "Fancy plays tricks with the best of us: it must have played you one last night."
"I have been thinking whether it was posswer-and in the

sible that—that—she was not really dead, sir," persisted Jelly. "Whether she could

e got up, and—6
Be silent, Jelly. I cannot listen to this "Be stient, Jelly. I cannot meet to the folly," came the stern, checking interruption. "You have no right to let your imagination run away with you, and then talk of it as something real. I desire that you will never speak another word upon the subject

to me; or to anyone."

Jelly's green eyes seemed to have borrow ed the doctor's look of puzzled doubt. She gazed into his face. This was a most curious business: she could not see as yet the faintest gleam of any solution to it,

est gleam of any solution to it.

"It was surely her I saw on the landing, sir, dead or alive. I could swear to it. Such things have been heard of before now as swoons being mistaken for death. When poor Mrs. Itane was left alone after her death—that is, her supposed death—if she revived; and got up; and came out upon the

Hold your tongue," interposed the doctor, sharply. "How dure you persist in this nonsense, woman! You must be mad or dreaming. An hour before the time you speak of, my poor wife, dead and cold, was where she is now-fastened down in her

He flung out of the room with an indig-nant movement; leaving Jelly speechless with horror.

with horror.

"Fastened down," ran her thoughts, "at twelve o'clock—dead and cold—and I saw her on the landing at one! Oh my goodness, what does it mean?"

CHAPTER XXVIII.

DESOLATION. At the front-parler window at Eastsea, sat Ellen Adair—looking for one who did not come. Whateover troubles, trials, mysteries might be passing elsewhere, Eastsea was go-ing on in its usual monotonous routine. How monotonous, Ellen Adair could have answer-

monotonous, Elien Adair could have answered; and yet, even here, something like mystery seemed to be looming in the air.

"Come what may, Elien, I shall be down again within a few hours," had been Arthur Bobun's parting words to her. But the hours and the days passed on, and he came not.

Te have one's marriage suddenly interrupted, and the bridegroom borne off from, so to say, the very church door, was no more agreeable to Ellen Adair than it would be to any other young lady. She watched him a away in the fly, while his kisses were yet warm upon her lips. All that remained, was to make the best of the situation. She took off her bonnet and drees, and locked up the ring and license he had bagged her to take care of. Until the morrow, she supposed; only until the morrow, she supposed; only until the morrow. Mrs. Cumberland sent out a message to the fly-man (her fly-man, not Madam a,) by Ann, the servant—from whom (Ann) she hoped to avert suspicion—to the effect that, finding herself un-

200000

whistic."

The window had a dwarf Venetian blind; Ellen sat behind it, glancing through the staves. Three or four straggling passengers were at length perceived, making their way down the street. But not one of them was Captain Bohun. The shock of disappointment was turning her heart to sickness, when a station fly came careering gayly up the street.

Ab, me, how hope rose again! She might have known he would take a fly, and not saik up. The driver sesmed making for their bonse. Ellen's eyes graw bright; her pale cheeks changed to rese-color.

"Is that fly coming here, my dear?"

"I think so, Mrs. Camberland."

"Then it's Captain Bohun. We must let the clergyman know at once, Ellen."

The fly stopped at their house, and Ellen hid her head; she would not seem to be looking for him, though he was so soon to be her husband. But—something was called out to the driver in a shrill voice from the inside; upon which he started his horse on again, and pulled up at the next door. A lady and child got out. It was net Captain Bohun.

I wonder whether disappointment so great ever fell on mortal woman? Great emotions, be they of joy or sorrow, are always dient. The heart alone knoweth its own bitterness, says the Wise King, and a stranger may not intermeddle with its joy. Ellen laid her hands for a minute or two on her bosom; but never a word spoke she.

"He'll be here by the next train," said Mrs. Cumberland. "He must come, you know, Ellen."

She watched throughout the livelong day.

know, Ellen."

She watched throughout the livelong day.

show, Ellen."

She watched throughout the livelong day. How its hours dragged themselves along she knew not. Imagination pictured all kinds of probabilities that might bring him at any minute. He might post down; he might alight by mistake at the wrong station, and walk on; he might have come by the last train in, and be putting himself to rights at the hotel after travelling. Five hundred such ideas, alternating with despair, presented themselves. And thus the weary day went on. Towards night the same delusive hope of the morning again rose; the same farce, of the apparent arrival of Captain Bohue, was once more enacted.

It was dusk; almost dark: for Ellen, watching ever, had not thought about lights; and Mrs. Cumberland, tired with her long day, was gone into the small back diningroum to lie on the sofa undisturbed. The last train for the night was steaming in:

room to lie on the sofa undisturbed. The last train for the night was steaming in: Ellen heard the whistle. If it did not bring Captain Bohun, she thought she could only give him up forever.

A short interval of suspense; and theusurely he was coming! A fly or two came ratting along the street from the station: and one of them—yes—one of them drew up at the door. Hilen, thinking she had learnt wisdom, said to herself that she would not get up any expectation in regard to this.

wisdom, said to herself that she would not get up any expectation in regard to this. Foolish girl! when her whole heart was throbbing and beating.

One of the house servants had gone out, and was opening the fly door. A gentleman's hand pitched out a light over-coat; a gentleman himself leaped out after it, and turned to get something from the seat. Tail and slender, Ellen took it to be Captain Bohun: the light coat was exactly like his.

coming in; in another instant she should be in his arins, feeling his kisses on her lips. It was a moment's delirium of happinesa; neither more nor less. Ellen stood looking at the door, her breath hushed, her cheeks changing, her nervous hands clasped one within the other. But the footsteps possed the dist

within the other.

But the footsteps passed the sitting-room. There seemed to be some talking and then the house subsided into silence. Where was he? Whither had be gone? Not into the dining-room, as Ellen knew, for Mrs. Cumberland might not be awakened. Gradually the idea came creeping in, and then bounded onwards with a flash that, after all, it might not have been Captain Bohun. A faint cry of despair escaped her, and she put her hands up as if to ward off some approaching evil.

But the suspense at least must be put an end to; it was too heavy to bear; and she rang the bell. Ann, who mostly waited on them, answered it.

"For lights, I suppose, Miss Ellen?"

"For lights, I suppose, Miss Ellen?"
"Yes. Who is it that has just come here a fir?"

'It's the landlady's son, miss. Such a fine,

andsome man!"
When Mrs. Cumberland entered, Ellen sat, pale and quiet, on the low chair. In good truth the inward burden was becoming hard to bear. Mrs. Cumberland remarked that Captain Bohun had neither come nor written and she thought it was not good behaviour of him. And, with that, she settled to her

and see thought it was not good behaviour of him. And, with that, she settled to her evening newspaper.

"Why, Ellen! Here's the death of James Bohun," she presently exclaimed, "He died the day after Arthur left. This accounts for the delay, I suppose."

"Yes," murmured Ellen.

"But not for his not writing," resumed

with he was to come at the name hear on the sucrow. And she also wrote a line to the converse. And she also wrote a line to the converse dame; and went. Ellen accessly cirred from the window—wideh chamanded a view of the road from the window—wideh chamanded a view of the road from the window is time—but she did dut see Capitain Edua, "James most be wires, and he cannot leave," she said to herwelf, striving to access as survey of the recognized from the delay, while at the same time an under carrected wight unseeds one in sturally for the delay, while at the same time an under carrected wight unseeds one in a training for the delay, while at the same time an under carrected wight unseeds one in a training of the delay, while at the same time an under carrected wight unseeds on the morrow morning there we not leave, the same time and the marriage would cartainly take place that day—took the absence of letters with philosophy.

"He might as well have written a line, of course, Ellen, but it only shows that he is coming in by the first train. That will be due to the window, watching; her spirit faint, her heart to sull not have wallowed a morsel had it been to save her life; Mrs. Cumberland, its glanding through the window had a dwarf Venetian blind; Ellen sat behind it, glanding through the taives. Three or four straggling passengers were at length perceived, making their way down the street. But not one of them was captain Bohun. The shock of disappointment was turning her heart to siokness, when a station fly came careering gayly up the street.

Ab, me, how hope rose again! She might have known he would take a fly, and not solk up. The driver seemed making for their house, and the turned it about in haugh'n wonder, when a station fly came careering gayly up the street.

Ab, me, how hope rose again! She might have known he would take a fly, and not solk up. The driver seemed making for their house, and the marriage of the careering gayly up the street.

what I should think,"

"What?" asked Ellen, hastily.

"What," that he is worse than he says. Delirious. Out of his senses."

"No, no; it is not that,"

"I think if it's not, it ought to be," sharply retorted Mrs. Cumberland. "We must wait for his next letter, I suppose; there's nothing else to be done."

And they sat down to wait. And the weary days dragged their slow length along.

Any position more cruelly difficult than that of Capitain Bohun, cannot well be conceived. Madam's communication to him did not stop at the one first revelation; she added another to it. At first there had been no opportunity for more; the train stopped at a branch station just beyond Eastesa, and the carriage became filled with passengers. Artbur, in his torment, would have put further questions to his mother, praying for Arthur, in his torment, would have put further questions to his mother, praying for confirmation, for elucidation; but Madam whispered a demand to know whether he was mad, that he should speak there; and then turned her back upon him. The people went all the way to London; but as soon as Arthur had put his mother in a cab, on their way to Sir Nash Bohun's, he began sgain. The storm that raged at Easteen had apparently extended its fury to London; the rain beat, the wind blew in gusts, the streets were as deserted as it is possible for London streets at a busy hour of the afternoon to be. Arthur shuddered a little as he glaneed out on the black pools, the splashing mud; outer

Arthur shuddered a little as he glanced out on the black pools, the splashing mud; outer influences seemed just now to be nearly as black as his fate.

"Mother, things cannot rest here," he said, putting up both windows with a jerk.

"You evaded my questions in the train; you must answer them now."

"Would you have had me speak before half a down people?—and proclaim to them

half a dozen people?—and proclaim to them what I know of that man—William Adair?" what I know of that man—william Adair?

"Certainly not; but you might have spoken for my ear alone. Cannot you see how dreadful this suspense must be to me? I am engaged to marry Ellen Adair: if not coday, some other day. And now you tell me that, which—which—"

Which ought to break it off, he was about to say; but emotion stopped him. He raised

to say; but emotion stopped him. He raised his hand and wiped the cold moisture from his forchoad. Madam bent down, and kissed his hand. He did not remember to have been kissed by her since be was a child. Her voice took a soft, tender tone; something

Foolish girl! when her whole heart was throbbing and beating.

One of the house servants had gone out, and was opening the filly door. A gentleman's hand pitched out a light over coat; a gentleman himself leaped out after it, and surned to get something from the seat. Tall and slender, Ellen took it to be Captain Bohun: the light coat was exactly like his.

And the terrible suspense was over! she should now know what the mystery had been. He had written mort likely, and the letter had miscarries; how stupid she was not to have thought of that before! She heard his footsteps in the passage; he was ceming in; in another instant she should be in his arms, feeling his kisses on her lips. It was a moment's delirium of his count understand how so frightful a little was a moment's delirium of his count understand how so frightful a little was a moment's delirium of his count understand how so frightful a little was a moment's delirium of his count understand how so frightful a little was a moment's delirium of his count understand how so frightful a little was a moment's delirium of his count understand how so frightful a little was a moment's delirium of his count understand how so frightful a little was a moment of the latter than the should be in his arms, feeling his kisses on her lips.

charge can be brought against Mr. Adair," spoke Arthur. "What you tell me sounds like a fable. I had been given to understand that he and my father were close friends." ' As they were, on

"And yet you say that be, Mr. Adair, was

A convict," spoke Madam, supplying the

"A convict," spoke Madam, supplying the words. "I cannot give you details, Arthur; only facts. He was tried out there, and convicted. He got a ticket-of-leave—which I dare say may not have expired yet."

"And his crime?—What was it?"

"I told you. Forgery."

"Did you ever knoe him?"

"Of course I did; at the time when he was intimate with your father. We never quite knew who he was, Arthur; or who his people were at home, or what had taken him out originally to India; but Major Bohun was unsuspicious as the day, unsuspicious as you. There arose great trouble, Arthur; gambling and wickedness, and I can't tell you what; and through it all, nearly up to the last, your father believed in Adair."

"Was he a convict then?"

"No, no; all that came afterwards; not

"No, no; all that came afterwards; not the crime, perhaps, but discovery, trial, and conviction. Arthur—how sorry I am to say it, I can never express—your father's son had better go and marry that miserable drab,

of Arthur Bohun dropped his mother's hand with a suppressed grann, and kept silence is until they stepped before the house of Sir Nash Bohun.

Mechanically he looked up at the windows, and saw that the shutters were open. So James was not dead. Arthur gave his hand to Madam, to help her in.

But James Bohun was as ill as he could be. Binking fast: and vary palpably nearer death than when Madam had started from the house at break of dawn. In fact there had then been some hope, for he had railied is the night. Arthur never knew that He supposed his mother had truly come off to fetch him, in solicitude that he should be present at the final close: he suspected not idsturb him in his paradise.

And this was arthur Bohun's present position. It is not possible (as was just remarked) to imagine one more cruelly diffectly been been some how had stouding a mere chance, she waiting for him nownow, each hour as it passed—to return and complete the ceremony; and loving her as he should never love any other in this world. And—in the very midst of these obligations—to have made the sudden and astounding discovery that Ellen Adair was the only woman living who must be barred to him; whom, of all others, of all the many numberaths walk the earth, be must alone not make his wild and careless sense, as has become the fashion of late years.

For the few hours that James Bohun lasted, Arthur did nothing. It may almost be said that he though mothing, for his mind was in a chaos of confusion. On the day following his arrival, James died; and he, Arthur, was then heir-presumptive. To many, it might have been looked upon that he was quite as secure of the succession as though he were heir-apparent; for Sir Nash was old and ailing. A twelvemont ago Sir Nash Bohun had been full of life; upright, energetic, to all appearance strong, hearty. It is the first the succession as though he were heir-apparent; for Sir Nash was old and ailing. A twelvemont ago Sir Nash Bohun had been full of life; upright, lonergetic, to all appearance strong, h

be said that he thought nothing, for his mind was in a chaos of confusion. On the day following his arrival, James died: and he, Arthur, was then heir-presumptive. To many, it might have been looked upon that he was quite as secure of the succession as though he were heir-apparent; for Sir Nash was old and siling. A twelvementh ago Sir Nash Bohun had been full of life; upright, energetic, to all appearance strong, hearty, and likely to outlive his son. But since onergetic, to all appearance strong, hearty, and likely to outlive his son. But since then he had changed rapidly: and the once healthy man seemed to have little health in him. Medical men told him that if he would go abroad and partake for some months of certain medicinal springs, he might—and in all probability would—regain his health and strength. Bir Nash would have tried it but for the decaying health of his son. James could not leave home; Sir Nash would not

leave him.

What, though Arthur Bohun was the heir! What, though Arthur Bohun seas the heir? In his present distress, it was to him worse than nothing. A Bohun could not live with tarnished honor: and his must be tarnished to the end of his days. To abandon Eilen Adair would bring the red stain of indelible shame to his check; to marry her would be, of the two, the worse diagrace. What then, was the expected rank and wealth to him?—better that he should go out to some land of exile and hide his head forever.

He knew not what to do: even at this

exile and hide his head forever.

He knew not what to do; even at this present passing moment, he knew it not. What ought he to do? Torn with conflicting emotions, now swayed this way, now that, he could not see which way his duty lay in this present dilemma. Think not that, in saying this, it was the marriage he was is doubt over: that had been given up in his own mind forever. But what was he to say own mind forever. But what was be to say a to Ellen?—what to Mrs. Cumberland? Where seek for an excuse or plea for his conduct? They were expecting him, no doubt by every train, and he did not go. He did not mean to go. What could he write?—what say? On the day of James Bobun's death, he took the pen in his hand and sat down; but he never wrote a word. The true cause he could not urge. He could not say to Ellen, Your father was a convict, he has (or had) a ticket-of-leave, he caused my father's death; and so our union must not take place. If he merely said, I have heard things against your father; Ellen would naturally ask what things? for that she knew nothing of the past or the diagrace attaching to her father, was clear as day. "I tell you these dreadful truths in confidence," Madam had said to Arthur; "you must not speak of them. You might be called upon for proofs—and proofs would be very difficult to obtain at this distance of time. The Reverend George Cumberland knews nothing. I should almost think she does not; or she would never have sought to marry you to Adair's daughter. You can only be silent, Arthur; you must be, for the girl's sake. By speaking merely a hint of what her father was, you would blight her life and prospects. Let her have her fait chance: though she may not marry you, she may be chosen by some one else; don't you be the one to hinder it. If the own mind forever. But what was he to say to Ellen ?-what to Mrs. Cumberland? Wh

"Did Mrs. Cumberland know of this?" he selfed.

"I cannot say. Her husband did. At the time is all happened, Mrs. Cumberland was say in ill-health. I should think she would har is from her husband afterward."

"Them—how could she encourage not to cater into this contex into this context of marriage with Miss Adair?" assurated Arthur, is a flash of recomment.

"Tow must sever see her again. Greber plan."

"What som I my te them?" he cried in self-communa. "After all, Ellem is not repossible for her father's sins."

A spasse of fright campth Madem. We have in the possible information not sufficient?—would hearry out the marriage yet?

"Arthur, there's worse behind," she breathed. "Why can't you be satisfied?—why do you force me to tell you all? 'I'd have spared you the rest."

"What rest?" a saked, his lips turning white.

"About that man—William Adair."

"What rest?" he asked, his lips turning white.

"About that man—William Adair."

"What rest?" he asked, his lips turning white.

"About Ather man, william Adair."

"What rest?"

"Yeshedid. He forged his name; he ruised him; and in the shock—in the shock—he-?

"Nadam shopped. "What?" gasped Arthur, "Well, the shock hilled your father."

"Do you mean that he died of it?"

"He kritied your father."

"Do you mean that he died of it?"

"He could not bear the trouble; and he—shot himself."

Madam's face was white now; white with the motion. Arthur, in his emotion, steed her hand, and gazed at her.

"It is true," he whispered. "He shot himself in the trouble and diagrace that Adair brought upon him. And you, his son, would have married the man's daughter."

With a hortible fear of what he had all but done—with a remores that nearly turned him made—with a sort of tacit you never again to see Mrs. Cumberland or Ellen Adair, arthur Bohu dropped his mother's hand with a suppressed groan, and kept silence until the book—in the should have married the man's daughter."

What rest ""

"You hedid. He forged his make's had with a suppressed him in the beach him; and in the shock

it at the time—and bring Adair to justice."

"On the contrary, we hushed it up. We have never spoken of it, Arthur, above our breath. Tom was gone; and it was as well to let it lie. It took place in some out of the way district of India; and the real truth was not known to half a dozen people. The report there was that Major Bohun died of sunstroke; it spread to Europe, and we let it circulate uncontradicted. Better, we thought, for Tom's little son—yon, Arthur—that the real facts of the death should be allowed to rest—if they would rest."

There ensued a pause. Presently Arthur lifted his face; and spoke, as Sir Nash supposed, banteringly. In good truth, it was in desperation.

desporation.
"It would not do, I suppose, for a gentle-man to marry Adair's daughter?" man to marry Adair's daughter?"
Sir Nash turned to him quickly. "Why do you ask this? I believe you know the girl."
"I will tell you, Uncle Nash. No one could have been nearer marrying another than I was Ellen Adair. Of course it is at an end." I canned the course of the course of

an end: I cannot do it now Sir Nash Bohun stared for a minute, as if unable to take in the absurdity of the words. He then direct up his fine old head with a need direct.

proud dignity.

"Arthur! Arthur Bobun! a gentleman had better do as your poor father did—shoot himself—than marry Ellen Adalr."

And Arthur Bohun, in his bitter misery, wondered whether he had not better do it; rather than live the life that must remain to (TO BE CONTINUED.)

TERMS.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that beautiful magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND——In order that the cube may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium liked) Engraving) \$2,504 Two copies \$4,004 Four copies \$6,004 Five copies (and one entra) \$8,04 Eight copies (and one gratis) \$12,400. One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S PRIEND, \$4,000. Every person getting up a club will receive the Pramium Engraving in addition.

Subscribers is the British Provinces must remit twenty cents extra for postage. Papers in a club will be sent to different post-offices if desired. Single numbers sent on receipt of six cents. Contents of Post and of Lady's Priend always entirely different. Subscribers, in order to save themselves from iose, should, if possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia; or get a deriet on Philadelphia; or New York, payable to our order, if a draft casmot be had, send a check payable to our order on a National Bank; if even this is not procurable, send United States notes and register the letter. Do not end money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges. Always be sure to name your Post-office, County, and State.

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MENRY PETERSON & CO., 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia

PORTO

PLAIN LANGUIGE PROM TRUTH-

(TABLE MOUNTAIN, 1870.)

Which I wish to remark-Which I was to remark to plain—
And my language is plain—
That for ways that are dark
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar,
Which the same I would rise to explain.

In regard to the same
What that name might imply,
But his smile it was pensive and child-like,
As I frequently remarked to Bill Nye.

It was August the third; And quite soft was the skies; Which it might be inferred That Ab Sin was likewise; Yet he played it that day upon William And me in a way I despise.

Which we had a small game, And Ah Sin took a hand; It was Euchre. The same He did not understand; He did not understand; But he smiled as he sat by the table, With the smile that was child-like and bland,

Yet the cards they were stocked In a way that I grieve, And my feelings were shocked, At the state of Nye's sleeve; Which was stuffed full of some and bowers,

But the hands that were played
By that heathen Chines,
And the points that he made
Were quite frightful to see—
Till at last he put down a right bower,
Which the same Nye had dealt unto me.

Then I looked up at Nye, Then I looked up as Aye,
And he gazed upon me;
And be rose with a sigh,
And said, "Can this be?
We are ruined by Chinese cheap labor"—
And he went for that heathen Chines.

In the scene that ensued Like the floor it was strewed
Like the leaves on the strand
With the cards that Ah Sin had been
hiding,
In the game "he did not understand."

In his sleeves, which were long,
He had twenty-four packs—
Which was coming it strong,
Yet I state but the facts;
And we found on his nails, which were taper, What is frequent in tapers—that's wax.

Which is why I remark, And my language is plain, That for ways that are dark, And for tricks that are vain,

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Who has not read in story and seen in

memory.

It proved so in a great measure, yet I found various unexpected features, which, as they were new to me, may prove new to some of your readers, and therefore I venture to

your readers, and therefore I venture to describe my experience.

Most tourists are disappointed at first sight of the cataract. This probably springs from the first glance being usually obtained from the American shore, an edgewise view that gives but an inkling of its full majesty. Yet even from this point of view we behold the river, almost at our feet, rushing with supreme energy to the brink of the precipice, and tumbling, with an agony of frost and foam, into a fearful void, from which forever rises a rainbow-crowned mist. To stand on the brink and gaze into this terrible abyes, with the frotbing waters plunging in a white wall downwards, the head swims with an undefined desire to cast one's-self after the torrent, and the brain is gradually impressed with a full realization of the greatness of Niagara.

But to be hold the cataract in the fullness.

seems to be the standard price for every movement at Niagara. It is doubtful if a person would be permitted to tie his shoestring without first paying 25 cents for the privilege.)

The mother was wrinkled and gray, and hung her head, as if she was afraid to look us in the face. But the children, with the privilege.)

privilege.)
Arrived in Canada we pass with trepida-Arrived in Canada we pass with frepida-tion under an impending avalanche of hack drivers, who chant the merits of their re-oldest boy was fifteen. So said the graff old broker who had the party in charge and who than mellifluous, while their rapid fall in price seems a foretaste of the full which they are so anxious to show. But be obdur-ate; Niagura cannot properly be seen from a carriage. Resolutely foot your way along carriage. Resolutely foot your way mong the lofty bank of the river, seeking your own

points of view.

First we arrive opposite the American fall, scat ourselves under a tree, and gaze with admiration on the magnificent front of the entaract, spread before us in one broad, straight abort of milk white foam, a wooping ever downward with graceful undulations, until beaten into mist on the rocks below.

Wandering onward we approach that grand

The mind cannot long endure the strain of so whilme a scene. The grand munotony of the view soon loses its absorbing hold on the senees, and from sheer reaction one perforce returns to prossic views of the situation. For our part we found ourselves purchasing popped core from a peripatetic merchant, who had an odd habit of misplacing the H's in his conversation; and taking a seast above the falls, where the edge of the rapids swerved in and broke in minic billows at our feet, we enjoyed mental and creature comforts together.

But one need but return to the American side, and cross to the islands, to obtain rest for his overstrained brain among quieter aspects of nature. Goat Island was an utter surprise to me. I had never seem it properly described, or had reglected to read any proper description of it. I certainly had a mental image of it as a contracted bit of rock on the edge of the Falls, with no merit beyond that of situation. But when, (after recessing an intermediate Island on which some irrepressible American bas established a paper mil, curbing a portion of the wild rapids and forcing them to turn his waterwheel,) I reached Goat Island, I was surprised to find it of many acres in extent, probably a mile in circumference, its whole surface, to the water's edge, covered with a dense forcest. Passing inward from the shore of the island, cearce twenty steps are taken ere every vestige of the river is lost to sight—and ou reaching its centre, we are to all appearance in the beart of a primeral forcest, only the subdued roar of the rapids reminding us of the grand scene without. On all sides raise huge trunks of oaks and beeches, straight, magnificent irres—many of the becokes seemingly from six to eight feet in circumference, their smooth bark covered finds by hoch with a full directory of names of netoriety-loving victors. At our feet wild flowers bloom, the twittering of birds is heard overhead, nimble ground-equirrels fouriesly cross our path—oft moses and thiok grant for the very deal of the sind of the

A Sale of Chinese Girls.

and tumbling, with an agony of froth and foam, into a fearful void, from which forever rises a rainbow-crowned must. To stand on the brink and gaze into this terrible abyss, with the frothing waters plunging in a white wall downwards, the head swims with an undefined desire to cast one's-self after the torrent, and the brain is gradually impressed with a full realization of the greatness of Niagara.

But to behold the catract in the fullness of its glory and might one must cross the subjective of the girls, and perhaps the whole suspension bridge to the Canada ahore, first disbursing the inevitable 25 cents. (This seems to be the standard price for every

and were much pleased with their holiday

broker told us that the hu-band and father was in California, and had neglected to pay his note given for his passage, and that his family was now offered for sale to pay his debt. He hoped to be able to pay the debt with the sale of the two eldest girls, but as yet he had received no offers. He said that the family became security voluntarily.

In reply to our questions, he said that when a customer bought a child or person, the person was made at once the owner of the same, body and soul. No Chinaman would dispute the purchaser's right to do whatsoever he piessed with the bunan being he had paid for. The boys would make good servants, he said, and in the course of a few years be worth a fortune to the owner. The Wandering onward we approach that grand curved reach of falling water, whose sublimity has been a fruitful theme for poet and artist sloce America has had postry and art. The Horse-Shoe Fall is the paragon of cataracts. Sitting on what remains of Table Rock, and gazing on the tumbling, heaving, foaming world of waters, which seems to fill the whole horizon of vision, the mind becomes oppressed with a feeling of awe, and realizes to its full extent nature's grandest—aspect.

With one sublime spring the broad river leaps headlong into an abyss whose real depths we are left to imagine, for the feet of the cataract are forever hidden in a white cloud of mist, shrouded in a dim veil which no eye can penetrate. At the centre of the curve, where the water probably despens, the creamy whiteness of the remainder of the cataract is replaced by a deep green hue. It seems one wat sheet of liquid emerald, curving gracefully over the edge of the preciping and the mouth of the oldest girl, rapped

cipics, and sweeping downward with endless change yet endless stability, its green tinge relieved with countiess fleeks of white foam.

The mind cannot long endure the strain of so subblime a scene. The grand monotony of the view scon loses its absorbing hold on the sense, and from sheer reaction one perforce returns to prossic views of the situation. For our part we found ourselves purchasing popped corn from a peripatetic merchasing the probabilities of their running away.

partice disputing about the price and discussing the probabilities of their running away.

We returned the same day to ascertain the result of the sale. Only the mother and her boys were left. The debt was only \$300 and \$50 of it still remained unpaid. I have been often told by the residents in China, that the parents would as soon sell their children as a cow or a pig. And I had begun to believe that such was the case upon passing the group the first time. But the scene had changed. The girls were gone, and now a boy must go also. The mother sat in the dirt, with her arms around the youngest, wailing in a most piteous manner, said, as Ah Hund said, cursing the men that sold her husband a ticket to America at \$300, which coes them but \$40. The broker sat listlessly by, smoking his pipe and twirling his case, looking as if it was the amallest matter of buriness with him.

The boys were crying, and seemed very much afraid of us, now it was certain that one of them must go. But we passed on and left them in ther misery. We never know whether the boy was sold to a childless man to be treated as a son, to a Portuguese to be carried to the West Indies under a nominal contract, or to a native landowner to be his slave. But that one of them was cold into servitude for the sum of \$50 there can be no doubt. The girls were doubtless purchased for the rare luck to fall into the hards of some native in search of a legitimate wife. I am told that the price of girls has gone up within a few months, owing, perhaps, to the fact that a less number of emigrants have

I am told that the price of girls has gone up within a few months, owing, perhaps, to the fact that a less number of emigrants have forfeited their bond in California than whe case six months ago. I was shown four bright, plump, rosy girls yesterday, who were purchased less than a year ago (the (the whole lot) for \$80. Now they sell readily for \$300 each.

DEFEAT OF THE FRENCH.

NURMENDER OF NAPOLEON AND

BERLIN, September 8.—Sedan has capitu lated. Nepoleon has surrendered in person to King William. King William has telegraphed the following

to King William.

King William has telegraphed the following despatch to the Queen and the War Minister:

"BEDAN, Friday, September 2, 1.20 P. M.—

A capitulation, whereby the whole army at Sedan are made prisoners of war, has just been concluded with Gen. Wimpfen, commanding in place of Marshal MoMabon, who is wounded.

"The Emperor surrendered himself to me, as he has no command, and left everything to the Regent in Paris.

"His residence I shall appoint after an interview with him at a rendezvous to be fixed.

"What a course events, with God's guidance, have taken.

"KING WILLIAM."

BERLIN. Sept. 3.—A sangulary battle

BERLIN, Sept. 3.—A sauguinary battle was faught on Priday, along the line from Mairy to Doussy, commencing at five o'clock in the merning. McMahon resisted the Pruvian attack until three o'clock in the af-

ternoon.

The firing was incessent and furious along the entire line of both armies, and continued with fearful destructiveness and

along the entire line of the armine, and continued with fearful destructiveness and slaughter.

The firing slackened and ceased at half-past three o'clock in the afternoon. At that moment the solid columns of the Prussians, bayonet in hand, advanced to the assault. Quickly did the Prussians move, and, overwhelming and impetrous, they precipitated themselves upon McMahon's lines at all points. The French unavailingly struggled, and were defeated, routed, and were driven in an utterly disorderly mass across the Muese.

The Prussians were victorious and held the entire field lately occupied by the French. The slaughter was fearful from the awful fire which has been incessantly maintained for ten hours. The rout of the French was complete.

aurounded Sedan, and occupied the roads connecting with Belgium and Paris, thus cutting McMahon's communication. The army of McMahon is said to have been 200,000 strong.

The Prince Imperial is not with Napoleon—and seems not to be included in the sur-render.

LONDON, Sept. 3.—Paris will not ac LONDON, Sept. 3.—Paris will not accept the capitulation of the Empuror and Mc-Mahon. They declare that Count Palikao must disclaim all complicity with Wimpfen's surrender, and show his readiness to follow where Paris leads, which will probably be in a direction quite other than that of peace, or Count Palikao's life wont be worth an hour's purchase.

worth an hour's purchase.

LONDON, Sept. 8.—The press of Germany vehemently denounces England and Italy for supplying arms to France.

The Paris paper curiously illustrates the popularity of Mr. Pickwick in France. Describing the departure of the Third Regiment of Voltigeus, it says: "Piquevuique (sic.) the dog of the regiment, trotted briskly along in the rear of the column, having his certificate of services, written on parchment, suspended from his neck.

The is a curious fact, that three weeks before the battle of Saarbruck, the Peace Society of Paris sent their deputies to Saarbruck, to celebrate an international feast, held there by the corresponding Society in Prussia. It was held at the station—one of the first places in flames.

places in flames.

In the life of every woman there are two grand epochs at which she is willing to tell her age—when she is sixteen, and when she is one hundred.

she is one hundred.

The Saturday Review says every American is more or less permanently giddy from steadily contemplating the amazing statistics of his continent.

A minister in New Hampshire lately prayed for rain in this fashion: "O Lord, we pray for rain! Not a tearin', driving' rain, such as larrers up the face of nature, but a drizziin' rain, such as lasts ail day and pretty much all night!"

pretty much all night!"

LET A Bill has been introduced into the Georgia Legislature, making "dissatisfaction" a ground for divorce.

The Bishop of Macchester has decided that in the English Church the black dressing grown is illered.

ET A correspondent among the lakes of Maine writes that he asked a boy which was the best of several small lakes for fishing. He answered: "Lake Plasaquatisaqua-quapasamoquiddynixcum." At this point toe correspondent walked away, resolted a neighboring lake, shed three hours, and returned. On his way home he met the boy where he had left him, still looking on the ground, and just finishing the name. "soloo-sikuhugeninungt." The writer dates his letter at "Lake Munkatunkookogequorita-keoloonatie."

sikubugenisunggi." The writer dates his letter at "Lake Munkatuokoologequoritakceloonatie."

After a marriage ceremony had been performed in one of the churches is Adrian, Michigan, the bride, when receiving the congratulations of her friends, shed tears, according to the usual custom, at the sight of which the groom followed suit, and copiously. After his friend, had succeeded in calming him, he said he couldn't help it, for he felt as had about it as she did.

TORDON, Aug. 31.—An extraordinary mincellany of passengers is constantly arriving here from Paris—sportamen, nuns, jockies, horses, sobool girls, &c.

TORDON aug. 31.—An extraordinary mincellany of passengers is coming to this country with his eighty-one children, and wants to secure board in some quiet family.

The Earl of Shaftenbury, in speaking, recently, of the evils arising from the colleacy of the Roman Catholic clergy, said:

"If his holisess the Pope had a wife, she would not allow him for an hour to remain in the belief that he was infallible."

The Certain publicans advertise "Wine from the Wood." What wood do they mean by "the wood?" In the case of Port, perhaps Logwood.

The apple crop of Delaware this year is unusually abundant; wherever there are trees they are laden with fruit. Cider present and stills are in active operation in Kent and Sussex counties, and apples are bought as low as five and six cents a basket, such a crop of applies has bot been known in lower Delaware for several years past, and it will go far toward making up the deficiency in the corn crop constoned by the late drought.

The some Christiane attend church like parade duty, for which they expect pay in the other world.

The owner, which would be likely to melt first in hot weather? Why, "the tailer," to be sure.

To diffornia is shipping much fruit East, in care with revolving fans in the roof

to be sure.

2. California is shipping much fruit East, in care with revolving fans in the roof driven by the motion.

2. A timid backelor at New Bedford, Mass., was recently prevented from making a proposal of marriage to a young lady of that city through the latter having remarked that city through the latter having remarked that she had recognized his ansteady luge in the distance long before the culline of his features could be distinguished.

THE MARKETS.

PLOUB—700 bile sold in lots at prices ranging from \$6,695.00 for superfine; \$600,50 for extra; \$1,500,57 for Northwest extra family; \$6,500,57,55 for Penna family. Rye Four—275 bile sold in lots at \$7,756,69 bile.

GRAIN—80 les of \$0,000 bus Indians red at\$1,40 \$1,000 bus Penna red at \$1,40 \$1,000 bus Penna red at \$1,40 \$1,000 bus Delaware red at \$1,800,1,40; 4000 bus Western and Southern ambor at \$1,400,1,00 Fye; sales of 5000 bus new Western, in lots, at #80,000 bus at \$1,500, 100 bus Penna at \$00. Curr, makes \$0,000 bus at \$150,996 for prime Penna and Belsware pellow; \$14,000 for low Western mixed. Our; makes \$0,000 bus at \$150,996 for prime Penna and Belsware pellow; \$14,000 for low Western mixed. Our; sales of 100,000 bus at \$150,996 for white Penna and Western, 40 \$45.000 black Western.

PHOVINIONS—80 les of new meas Perk at \$65, and old at \$20,756, \$11. Mees Beef is steady at \$40,500, \$100 for city packed extra meas. But Hame may be quoted at \$20,500, and shoulders at 150. Green Meats—80 les of pickled harps at 190,200, sides at 15½ sites, and shoulders at 150. Green Meats—810 of pickled harps at 190,200, sides at 15½ sites, and shoulders at 150. Green Meats—810 of pickled harps at 190,200, sides at 15½ sites, and shoulders at 150. Green Meats—810 of pickled harps at 190,200, sides at 15½ sites, and shoulders at 150. Green Meats—810 of 100 bales Middlings at 50 cfor Uplands, and 300,563,900 of \$9 is for New Orleans.

HARK—No 1 Querchron at \$20 \$0 to.

PHULT—Dred Apples and Peaches attract but little attention, but prices are steady. Peaches sell at 500,60,810 bales.

FEATTIERS sell at 700,800 of \$0 is for New Orleans.

HARK—No 1 Querchron at \$20 \$0 to.

PHULTD—Dred Apples and Peaches attract but little attention, but prices are steady. Peaches sell at 500,60,810 bales.

MARKETS.

Ballon Perk and Peaches at 150,00,0 and No \$1 \$152. Ballon Peaches.

PHULLADELPHIA OATTIE MARKETS.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Sect Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1898 head. The prices rashined from 5/25/2/cts \$0.150 Cows brought from \$450 to 75 or ness. Shrep—18,000 head were disposed of a from 5655/c \$0.50 head. Sect Trom \$15,50 to 13,50 g ied ha.

the sesociation of New York capitalists above as the SEA Moss FARING Co., in resping from the rocks on the Irish coast the edible marine lichen which, as prepared under the name of Hand's Sea Moss Farine, has already become one of the import' and manufactured staples of the American produce market. The patent for this cheep and delicious food element is scarcely a year old, yet its use is albut universal. Every grocery and general store, and every respectable druggist establishment in the country finds it necessary to keep a supply of the article. Housekeepers deciare that the quantity of exquisite curtard, blane mange, light pudding cream, jelly, &c., producible from the Parine ex coods by one-half that obtainable from any other relatinous agent used in cookery. The central depot

Going! Going! Gone!

Paster than the auctioneer's hammer knocks down merchandise, neglect disposes of the teeth. Bie, therefore, for that prize of life, a perfect set, by brushing them regularly with Sozobost.

"SPALDING's GLUE," has now taken the place of all

Interesting to Ladies.

"We have been using a Grover & Baker Sewing Machine for about ten years, and it does as good work now as when new. I feel free to recommend

People with Thin Heads of Hair Should use "London Hair Color Restorer and Dressing," to make it grow thick and strong. It will restore gray hair to its natural color and as a dressing is absolute perfection. Chear and nicely perfuned. Soils nothing. Price 75 cants. Soid by Dr. Swayss & Son, 300 North Sixth et. Philadel-phia, and all dealers.

Fun portant Notice.—All Suidiers and Sailors who have lost an arm or leg in the service—or
time on account of wounds or hybries—will find it to
help advantage to call at or address General Collection
typency, No. 125 Nouth Seventh st., Philadelphia,
tonear S. Leadur & Co., archiv.

VE YOUR OW HOAP One Peand of Crampter's Imperial Landry Sone will make twelve quarte of Houdeame Sort Sone, As you from your for it and Tyy it. CHAM FOLD BROTHERM, 34 Front St., New York. ASIATIC CHOLDRA. PRVER AND AGUE,

CCRED AND PREVENTED PHECE ATISM, NECRALDIA,

SORE THEOAT, DIFFICULT BREATHING,

BY RADWAYS BRADY RELIEF.

Pain instantly removed; all scate, inflammatory, nalarious or infectious diseases prevented and ci-erminated. The weak, feeble, and nerconspectured to strength, vigor, and sound health by the use of RADWAYS READY RELIEF. One buttle will do more good, care more complaints, and keep the stomach more clear and healthy than \$10 spent for all other medicines or hitters in use.

BOWEL COMPLAINTS.

Looreness, diarrises, chulers morbus, or painful discharges from the bowels are stopped in fitteen or twenty minutes by taking Radway's Ready Relief, No congestion or inflammation, no weakness or la-situde will follow the use of the R. R. Nellef,

AGRES AND PAINS.

AULIES AND PALIES.

For beadachs, whether sick or nervous; risematiem, ismbage, pains and weakness in the back,
spine, or hidneys, pains around the liver, plouriey,
swellings of the joints, pains in the bowels, beartburn, and pains of all hinds, Radway's Beady Relief
will afford immediate ends, and its continued use for
a few days effect a permanent cure.

Hold by druggists, and at No. 67 Whiden Lave.

New York, Prios, 50 cents.

Bold by druguists, and at No. 87 Maiden Lane.
New York. Price, 18 cents.

What Boes Messeem Say 7

The little mongoose when bitten by a deadly scrpent resorts to a certain plant, ests of it, and escapes the effect of the policon. That is instinct. Human beings on the other hand, must depend on reason and experience in selecting the means of protecting health and life against unwholesome induspens.
Now, what does reason say on this vital subject.)
Does it not tell us that to invigorate and purify the system is the best way to protect it against the invisible poison which generated disease? Burely it does. The next question is, what guide shall we follow in choosing a medicinal saleguard. Beasen replies let your monitor be experience. Wall, the experience of sighteen years comprised in one unbroken series of satisfactory testimonials assures us that HOTATTERS STOMACH HITTERS possess strengthening, regulating, and anticoptic properties which are not combined in the same happy propositions in any other properation extent. This, therefore, is the antidote to which reason bide us renort when our health is imperilled either by the mularis which produmes epidemic disorders, or by any other connected with our labits, occupations and parentis.

The venum of a noxicous reptile is searcely more subtic and dangerous than that which lurks it foul air and impure water. To escape the fevers, billous disorders, disturbance of the howels, and other serious maladies produced by these insulutions elements, it is absolutely seconstry that the stomach and all the secretive organs should be, so to speak, in a robust condition. Upon the amount of resistance which the vital system can depose to the delications in important functions of the body, that it can be recommended and guaranteed as an invaluable preventative medicine.

Paychommuncy, Functionation, or Soul

Psychomomecy, Fascination, or son Charning, 400 pages cloth. Full instructions to use this power over men, or snimals at will, how to mea-merize, become trance, or writing medions, Divi-nations, Spiritualism, Alchemy, Philosophy of Omens and Drenns, Brigham Young's Harem, Guide to marriage, &c., all contained in this book, 100,000 copies sold. Agents wanted. For particu-lars address, with postage, to T, W. Evans & Co. 41 Bouth 5th et., Philosophia, Pa. my 81-6m

Especially Consumptives, will find the water and baths at the Coseanses Srarse, Congress Hall, Shel-don, VL, under the care of Dn. S. S. Freen, of 714 in roug to an enter week. Climare irregiving, better than Minaseota or Florida. Congress Hall, the ex-cellent hotel, open all the year. Beard excellent and cheap. For particulars, references and rooms, apply personally or by letter to S. S. P. Caklinia, Congress

at the least possible upon the France, Organ Guiter Ing fur there in Grand Cor Cr Wales Reminary, Music Yale Reminary, Music Yale 197-3m

MARRIAGES.

Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 20th of March, by the Rev. S. Heisler, Mr. William J. Chay to Miss Elizabeth J. Nouther, oth of this city. holb of this city.

On the 2nd of Aug., by the Rev. John P. Chaplein,
D. D., Mr. Gronon M. Coopen to Miss Mary b.

Rounson, both of the city.
On the 18th of Aug., by the Rev. W. J. Mann,
Mr. Girmon O. Kurstenman to Miss Canonana susmatian, both of this city.
On the 17th of Aug. by the Rev. Dr. T. B. Miller,
Mr. Henny C. Puntan to Miss Mary D. Elliott,
both of the city.

No. HERRY C. PERLAN OF MAIN SERVICES. A STATE OF MAIN SERVICES OF THE REV. J. H. Alday, Mr. JOREN N. STETAKH, of l'aulaboro', N. J., to Mies Bassis Scrutlisors, of Lewes, Del. On the 23d of Aug., by the Rev. Wm. O. Johnstone, Mr. William Warnock, of Chanden, N. J., to Mies Mary J. MULHOLLAND, of this city.

BEATHS.

Notices of Deaths must always be accomps fed by a responsible name.

On the 27th of Aug., at Burlington, N. J., ANN B. Dracon, in her Sid year.

In Burlington, N. Jursey, on third day, the 20th of Aug., Journ C. Dracon, in his 88th year.

On the 20th of Aug., BARAH ANN, wife of William Barrens, in her 20th and Aug. Barnes, in her 23d year. On the 30th of Aug., CLARK JOHNSON, in his 85th

On the 20th of Aug., CLARK JOHNSON, in his 25th jear.
On the 28th of Aug., THEODORS II Seven, in his 28th year.
On the 28th of Aug., William Wayner, in his 48th year.
On the 28th of Aug., Manuscer, note of Robert Smith.

On the 17th of Aug., JANES V. .. MERGY, in his 53d year.
On the 27th of Aug., William E. Elwell, to his 33d year.
On the 25th of Aug., will Dunand, in his 27th

Wedding Presents.

Wedding Presents.

Wedding presents are a source of much mental warry, both to their givers and receivers. Bo-and-so is giblg to be married, and all her friends and relations, down to her ninety-sixth counsins, are supposed to be called upon by their fact to make her a present. When the bride is of the upper ranks, ahe receives bracelets, lockets, neckhets and rings imumerable. Several opers glasses, and, of late, several fans, are also included, and there are presents of Dresden and Sevres and other famous porceisins, enough to stock a shop of mederate size.

In homelier circles, where presents that are not of quite so personal a nature are given.

and other femous perceisins, enough to stock a shop of mederate size.

In homelier circles, where persents that are not of quite so persents a meture are given, there is sometimes quite an embarras derichases in the way of teapots, cruet-stands, and cake backets. We have known three cake backets to be presented to a lady, in whose establishment one would have been sufficient for all needs.

The question is, what can be done? Would it not be convenient for a lady about to enter the holy estate of matrimony to make out a list of what she wanted, and to send it round to her friends, requesting each person to make a mark against the article or articles which he or she would desire to present? In this way, as the list went round, people would see what had been choson, and there would be no such unfortunate repetitions as those we have indicated. This plan is, however, open to the objection that it savors somewhat of the begging-letter system, and that people might find themselves the subject of forced contributions under such an arrangement even more directly the network aware and the reconstructions and arrangement even more directly

the subject of forced contributions under such an arrangement even more directly than they are under the present system. Perhaps the wisest plan would be to follow the example set by the Mon. George Skene Duff on the recent occasion of the marriage of his niece, Lady Alexina Duff. This gentleman's present was a box containing a hundred sovereigns, which of course the happy bride could lay out as suited her own taste. It would be a change from the present style of bridal gifts for a lady about to be married to receive from her friends checks for the amount of the money they meant to expend on her behalf. The checks are quite as capable of being shown as are the usual preon her behalf. The checks are quite as ca-pable of being shown as are the usual pre-sents, and a drawing-room table would be very interesting, on which were exhibited a large number of autographs appended to or-ders to "pay the bearer" sums up to any conceivable amount. Humble people who have not got bankers might employ the me-dium of Post Office orders. If actual coin were preferred, small heaps of golden "por-traits of the Queen" would make a fine show.

when we will be seen that the seen and on the old fashion of presenting to the new-ly married couple something in the way of household goods with which to commence housekeeping. In the ranks of Boottish housekeeping. In the ranks of Roottish peasant life, it is not very long ago since all persons who attended a wedding feast made actual presents in kind or money to the bride or bridegroom, with the avowed object of giving them a start in life, and all the guests admitted on condition of giving a pre

sent.
Wedding presents of our own day are generally more ornamental than useful, and there is a certain monotony about them. We think we deserve some credit for having brought into prominence the idea of revert-ing to the old plan of contributions in cash or chechs, and we think that were Mr. Shene Duff's example widely followed affairs would be greatly simplified, and trouble would be saved not only to the bride and bridegreom, but to their numerous friends.

The Tulip Tree.

(Liriodendron tulipifera.)

Have you never seen one? Wait a moment for our sketch. A clean, dark gray trunk rises forty to fifty feet in the air, a firm, well proportioned column; the branches then shoot out in ascending angles, and support a dome of shining foliage. The bark of the small branches is quite smooth. The leaves are large, some of them six to eight inches broad, and they look as if they had been cut off at the end and then notched. The flowers are in shape like the tuip, composed of six petals, yellow without, and mottled with red and green withis. Each flower is borne Have you never seen one? Wait a moment red and green within. Each flower is borne on a short stem by itself, and stands out so conspicuous as to be seen from quite a dis-tance. It does not blossom until it is ten or twelve years old, and the flowers do not per-

fect their seeds unto thirty-five feet high. It is the natural tendency of this tree to into a lefty head. But if planted shoot up into a tofty head. But if planted alone, and its side branches encouraged, it spreads abroad a magnificent canopy of branches and leaves. A few years since, one nour own premises was accidentally injured, and had to be cut off near the ground. Having strong roots, it threw up a number of branches around the old stump, which have since swelled out into a grand mass of foliage from the ground upward. It is now our from the ground upward. It is now our

The Tulip, like the Magnolia, to which family it belongs, is somewhat hard to transplant when large. Its roots are soft, spongy, and with no fibres to spare. panily broken, and with no fibres to spare. Lazy or careless planters had better let it alone; they don't deserve to have such a tree and wouldn't succeed with it if they tried. It can be raised from seed, or obtained when small from the nurseries. We have known it growing wild in Western New York, and along the southern shore of Lake Erie, where it is called "Whitewood." It loves a deep, rich soil, rather moist in summer, but not

it is called "Whitewood." It loves a deep, rich soil, rather moist in summer, but not wet in winter. It grows from two to three feet in a year. In the morthern part of New England it is not perfectly hardy.

Perhaps it will influence some to plant the Liriodendron if we inform them that, though an American tree, it is very popular abroad. When first introduced into England, in the year 1688, it was cultivated for several years in pots and boxes, in planthouses. Fine specimens of it may now be seen in every English, Irish, and Scotch park. On the Continent it is a favorite tree for avenues.

In view of all its excellencies, well does Mr. Downing rhapsodise: "No tree, of any clime, unless we except the Magnolia, excels in magnificance the Tulp. In the stately grandeur of its singular-shaped and pleasing green folings; in the brilliancy and abundance of its large, tulip-shaped blossoms and in its freedom from the depredations of insects, it is pre-eminently fitted to adorn our parks, our public avenues and ornamental grounds."

"No, my dear," said a mother to her daughter, who had been taking a nap before dressing for an evening party, "you needn't re-arrange your hair. You couldn't make it look any rougher if you did."

A SOUTH THE PARTY OF THE PARTY

THE PORTRAIT.

BY SARAH RELEX WHITMAN.

Slowly I raised the purple folds conceal-That face, magnetic as the morning's beam; While slumbering memory thrilled at its re-

venling, Like Memnon wakening from his marble

Again I waw the brow's translucent pallor, The dark hair floating o'er it like a plume; The sweet, imperious mouth, whose haughty valor Defied all portents of impending doom,

Eyes planet calm, with something in their vision That seemed not of earth's mortal mix-

trange mythic faiths and fantasies Elysian, And far, sweet dreams of "fairy lands for-

Unfathomable eyes, that held the sorrow Of vanished ages in their shadowy deeps, Lit by that prescience of a heavenly morrow Which in high hearts the immortal spirit

Oft has that pale, postic presence haunted My lonely mustogs at the twilight bour, Transforming the dull earth-life it en-chanted,

With marvel and with mystery and with Oft have I heard the sullen sea-wind moan

Its dirge-like requiems on the lonely shore—

I listened to the autumn woods intoning

The wild, sweet legend of the lost Lenore.

—Old and New.

* Of Edgar A. Poc.

The Religious Plays of Bavaria.

[In the Middle Ager, Dramas representing the principal events in the life of Christ were frequent, being encouraged by the clergy, and they now still linger in a retired district of Bavaria. We give the following account of the last one from the pen of Mr. Blackburn, an English traveller.]

Early in the morning we stroll out-side the village and find the "theatre," a large wooden building, with scats for about six thousand people, nearly all open to the sky. The stage, which occupies the entire width of the theatre, is also uncovered, and is still wet with the rain that has fallen during the ight. The only covered portions are the rincipal reats for the audience at the back, nd the inner stage where the tableaux cieans are shown.

The whole ceremony, and the occasion of it, are so unique, that we must say a few words before describing the event of the morrow. Once in ten years, in accordance with a religious yow, the peasants of Ober-

with a religious vow, the peasants of Oberammergau and the nighborhood give a dramatic representation of the Passion of Christ.

Fifty years ago these plays were common in Bavaria, but they have long been forbidden by the clergy as "unworthy of an enlightened age;" and, with one or two unimportant exceptions—as in the case of Brixlegg, in the Tyrol—are now only to be witnessed at Oberammergau. There are in all nearly five hundred people engaged in the Passions-Spiel, which lasts, with a short interval, from eight in the morning until half-past four in the afternoon. No one is allowed to take part in the performance who is not a native of Oberammergau. The text of the drama has been revised by Herr Daisenberger; the music is arranged by the village schoolmaster; the scenery is painted by local artiste; and the actors, one and all, are working-men of the village. They are are working men of the village. They are all brought up to act from childhood, and rehearse industriously throughout the winter

months.

The play, which represents events in the life of Christ from his entry into Jerusalem to his crucifixion and resurrection, is taken entirely from the New Testament history, and is illustrated with prophetic tableaux from the Old Testament, which are shown from the inner stage between the scenes. There is also a "chorus of angels"—on the plan of the old Greek theatres—that come upon the stage at intervals, and sectio or upon the stage at intervals, and recite or sing words addressed to the audience, point-ing the moral of the play. It is this chorus, with their mournful voices, that gives in the latter scenes a touching aspect to the drama, and fixes the attention of the audience

throughout the day. day morning the At five o'clock on Sunday morning the whole village is up and stirring. Massee have been held at the church every half hour since daybreak; and by seven nearly every one is crowding to the theatre. As we look out of our cottage window, we can distinguish many of the performers walking with their costumes on their arms, and little whitere correlates the property of the performers walking with their costumes on their arms, and little with their costumes on near arms, and little children carrying palm branches for the first great scene of the Entry into Jerusalem. There is the ass, with its rich covering, led There is the ass, with its rich covering, led by a poor old man who is to personate Barabbas; and, following them, a crowd of Pharisces and high priests with cariously shaped mitres; and walking quietly after them, in neat peasants' attire, the two daughters of Tobias Flunger (Pitate.) The younger and shorter of the two will presently personate the Maria, and the cider (the beautiful Josepha) will take a principal part in the chorus. They are all so quiet, modest, and unassuming in manner, that it is difficult to realize that they are the actors; and it is almost startling to find that the man who has taken so much trouble to obtain seats for us in the theatre, and who has paid us several little attentions during our visit, is Judas Iscariot. Through his good offices we have reserved places, and are not obliged to go to the theatre at seven, as the majority of the vast audience have done. When we enter, at a quarter to eight, the When we enter, at a quarter to eight, the

shoulders, acares distinguishable from the women. Foremost and tallest of the women is Jo-spha Flunger, who takes the leading contraito part. The leader of the eburus first recites a prologue; they then slowly retire on either side, and the curtain of the central stage is drawn up. After a tableau representing Adam and Eve expelled from Paradice, we see, winding down the streets of Jerusalem, a multitude of people in Oriental contune, singing and whying palm branches in the air. Graduelly, they crowd upon the immense open stage, the volces becoming louder and the enthusiaem greater every moment; when, in the midst of the throng, the Carlet appears, slowly riding down the street, followed closely by his apostles, and hemmed in on all sides by an eager, excited crowd, shouting hosannas to the Son of David, throwing garments on the ground, and singing songs of welcome. The stillness of the andisoce at this moment was wonderful; and every eye was turned to the ground, and singing songs of welcome. The stillness of the andiesce at this moment was wonderful; and every eye was turned to the grand figure of Joseph Mair (the Christ) as he slowly dismounted from the ass and came into the midst of the crowd. It was as if the finest picture of the Saviour that had ever been painted by the early Italian masters was moving before us; the noble figure; the sad, worn, dignified face; the dark, flowing hair parted is the middle; the purple robe falling in the most perfect folds; the sandalled feet—all copied with strict filelity, and apparently, without thought or care in the achievement. The sposties who follow could be easily distinguished by their costume one from the other. There was Peter, in a blue robe and yellow mantle, with bare feet; John, in a red costume (after the picture by Zurburan); and Judas, orange and yellow—all copied from the old masters—every fold of drapery being familiar to the eye as represented en cauvis. The Jewish crowd had a more Oriental and pictures que coloring, and the variety of costume and stitude in this scene formed a picture of the crowd had a more Oriental and picturesque coloring, and the variety of costume and attitude in this scene formed a picture of the most effective kind. The number of persons on the stage must have been nearly three hundred; but there was not one of that number who reminded the audience that they were witnessing a mimic scene.

After three scenes, representing the Jourest to Bethany Christ taking leave of His

ney to Bethany, Christ taking leave of His Mother, and the Tempiation of Judas—all accompanied by prophetic tableaux and the explanatory chorus—comes the scene of the Last Suppor, from the celebrated freeco by Leonardo da Vinci. We see Christ and his Leonardo da Vinci. We see Christ and his aporties seated at the table, and the bread and wine administered apparently to each. This, and the Washing the Disciples' Feet, is performed with the utmost solemnity, the chorus (invisible) singing a hymn.

After three more tableaux—one of the performed and the singing and the performed singing and the sin

chorus (invisible) singing a hymn.

After three more tableaux—one of which represents Samson overpowered by the Philistines—we witness the Agony in the Garden, the Betrayal by a Kias; and, finally, Christ deserted by his Disciples, bound by the soldiers, and led away.

Thus ends the first half of the play (in which there are fourteen events and slower.

which there are fourteen scapes and elever tableaux), which has lasted without inter mission for three hours and a half, withou a single hitch or a sign of hesitation on the part of any of the performers, great or small. It is half-past cleves, and the chorus, who have stood bareheaded in the sun nearly all this time, must have need of rest. The all this time, must have need of rest. The audience disperse quietly, many of them to dine in the neighboring fields or in the wagous that line the roadside. We have just time for a hasty repast and to return to our seats by half-past twelve, when a gun is fired again, and the second part of the play begins, consisting of twenty scenes and fourteen tableaux.

Again the chorus come fling slowly in.

Again the chorus come filing slowly in, and sing the sad refrain which soun mournfully through the trees. The wind has risen, and their robes are tossed into wide horizontal folds, and the dark treeses of the beautiful Josepha Flunger are flying in the wind.

in the wind.
The second part opens with a striking
tableau, showing Ahab and Jehoshaphat
seated on thrones, surrounded by their court,
and before the Micaiah, the prophet of the
Lord—a tableau, typical as the chorus explains, of the sufferings of Christ, so soon to
follow. The curtain falls; the chorus retire
again and immediately there anters a crowd again, and immediately there enters a crowd of people bringing Christ before Annas, who appears on a balcony of his house. It is impossible to describe the exciting nature of this scene, or the natural manner in which every child, even, in the Jewish crowd acted his part. In this scene, where Christ is brought before Pilate, there must have been more than two hundred people on the stage; but there was no confusion anywhere. And it was here, and in the two or three suc-ceeding scenes of the drama, that the acting of Joseph Mair was most admirable and striking; his attitude in the midst of the mocking crowd; his appeal to Annas, answered by a blow from one of the soldiers, brought tears to the eyes of the audience;

broken by sobs But, not to dwell upon each scene, nothing in the whole play seemed to excite the audi-ence more than Judas, in his orange and the whole play seemed to excite the audience more than Judas, in his orange and
sellow robes, flitting about the stage, clutching at his bag, which held the "price of
blood;" until, able to bear the strain no
longer, he rushes into the midst of the
council, and, throwing down the bag of
silver, with a wild abriek of despair flies
from the city. The tragic effect of this
scene—to those even who could look upon it
as upon an ordinary drams—was fearful;
and in the following one, where we see him
in the last act of desperation, unloosing his
girdle, and climbing a tree as the curtain
falls, one or two of the apectators fainted.

In the next scene Jesus is brought before
r
Pilate, aud afterwards before Herod; but
the most striking scene is where Pilate delivers Jesus to the multitude and releases
Barabbas. This was acted with great ability

and there was a silence at this point literally

offices we have reserved places, and are not obliged to go to the theatre at severe, as the majority of the wast audience have done. When we enter, at a quarter to eight, the sun is shining brightly on the vast stage, and on the heads of fire thousand people. There is very little noise for such a crowd; and we can hear the birds singing and the wind rustling amongst the trees. At eight o'clock a gun fires in the village, and the play begins. The orchestra, consisting of twenty-tour performers, with several good violins, commence an overture; and the chorus, twenty-one in number—nine men and twelve women—come filing slowly in, and take up their position in line in front of the stage. They are clad in bright classic robes, with white tunics and wreaths on their heads—the men shaves, with long hair over their time since, and primary in his honor, and spread palm branches in his honor, and spread palm bran

beautiful form of the Christ is suspended—though the means are no secret—so that every limb should fall into the meat perfect lines; it is exough for us to record generally that every detail of Gospel history is brought painfully before us; we see the suffering figure, the tern and bleeding hands, and the bruised head with the crown of thoma. Everything is earried out to the letter, even to the piercing of the side, and the breaking of the legs of the thieves. The soldiers on the ground tear up Christ's garments, and throw dies to cast lots for his vesture. Every incident is depicted with terrible reality; and when the end comes, when the Saviour utters the final words, "It is finished," and when the final words, "It is finished," and when darkness ensues, and a crash of thunder follows—the more startling from the silence of the spectators—and a messenger comes rushing in to say that "the veil of the temple is rent in twain," the climax of tragedy is reached.

We caunot speak in detail of "the Burial," "the Resurrection," and the "Ascension" into Heaven, because they come to the spectator as an asti-climax, and are weak in comparison with what has gone before. The only event worth recording after the great scene, is the beautiful Hallelujah chorus at the end—and this is heard to greater advantage from the fields outside the theatre.

And what, it will be asked, was the general effect upon the peasant part of the au-

greater advantage from the helds outside the theatre.

And what, it will be asked, was the general effect upon the peasant part of the audience, upon the comparatively poor and uncducated people who had come from all parts of Germany, travelling day and night in open wagons—which formed their lodging at night as well as conveyance by day—to witness the Passions-spiel. The effect was solemn, impressive, and undoubtedly good. There was no misbehaviour or disturbance amongst this immense number of people; and there was no applause or loud expression of approval until the conclusion. The majority sat silently in the burning sun through the long day, reading lessons that they never would have learned by ear, and receiving impressions never to be forgotten receiving impressions never to be forgotten in this world. But t had at no time in the day the a pect of a religious ceremony—as it has been sometimes described. It was more the attitude of people in a gallery of pictures of sacred history—they were more or less impressed, but under no particular restraint of conduct.

restraint of conduct.

The ordinary travellers and tourist who are flocking to Oberammergau, will, of course, contemplate this wonderful play with very mixed feelings; but, as may be eathered from the foregring course course. gathered from the foregoing account, there is nothing to shock the most sensitive religious instincts, and nothing to justify dergymen in Eugland in desouncing the Pausions-spiel from the pulpit, as some have Passions-spiel from the pulpit, as some have already thought it their duty to do. There are some realistic parts of the play, such as the Crucifixion scene, and the breaking of the bones of the two thieves on the cross, which some women had better not see; and one or two of the tableaux—such as that of Jonah and the Whale—are undoubtedly ludi-crous, though not more ludicrous than many stained glass windows in English churches; but the general effect upon the minds of those who have witnessed this year's per-formance is best expressed in the words of a late writer, who says:—"I have never seen so affecting a spectacle, or one more calu-lated to draw out the best and purest feelings

The Album of the Regiment.

FROM THE PRENCH OF EDMOND ABOUT.

A tall and rather elegantly-formed woman of about five-and-forty was hurrying along the rue St. Dizier at Nancy at such a rate that her guide, a waiter from the Hotel de l'Europe, had some difficulty in following her. An August sun was beating full upon her head, for she brandished the umbrella is her hand like a javelin instead of availing herself of its shade. From her dress and adornments it was plain to see that she was adornments it was plain to see that she was a stranger to the modes and fashions of city

life. "Madame Humblot!" cried the nearly exhausted servant. "One moment if you please. You have passed the door. Here is the Colone's house." Madame Humblot stopped, and looked

about timidly.
"Already!" said she. "Where?"

"Already!" said she. "Where?"
"Just across the street," said the servant.
"Don't you see the sentry?"
"Oh! yes, to be sure. I will remember it next time. What did you say his name

he gives an elegant dinner every Sunday. "Certainly, and has a daughter almost grown, a young lady."

To gain an interview with the Colonel's wife, Madame Humblet would have confronted unheard-of dangers; but now that all difficulty of gaining access to her had disappeared, she felt her heart sink within disappeared, she feit her heart sink within her. She hesitated about entering the door which stood open before her; but the inquisitive look in the faces of her guide and the entinel made her pluck up all her courage, and she soon found herself in a very large and comfortably-furnished parlor, in presence of the mother and the daughter. Madame Vautrin was very fat and very timid, and Mademoiselle Vautrin was very thin and tot timid at all: and it was the latter of the and an administer varieties was very finish and timed at all; and it was the latter of the two who reassured the matrons and opened the conversation by requesting Madame Humblot to be seated, and to explain at her leisure the motives of her very kind visit.

Humblot to be seated, and to explain at her leisure the motives of her very kind visit.

Madame Humblot saw that retreat was now no longer possible; so she explained in a few words that she was a widow owning and managing herself a considerable estate in the town of Morans, and possessed of a daughter of nineteen, whom she desired to marry to a young officer of the garrison at Nancy. The young man, whom a curious succession of circumstances had brought her to look upon as the future husband of her dear Antoinette, seemed an admirable young man, but she was very insufficiently informed in relation to his character, his principles, and his habits, and she invoked the ancient freemasonry of motherhood in requesting form Madame Vautria in a matter of such importance the plain and unvarnished truth.

This preamble seemed to interest Madame Vautrin and to put her more at her ease. She replied that she felt flattered by the

confidence reposed in her, and would con-scientiously calighten Madame Humblot in se far as her retiring habits and very slight acquaintance with the efficiers composing the garrison would enable her. But if the young officer belonged to the regiment of her husband, "Colonel Vautrin, who knew

her husband, "Colonel Vautrin, who knew all his men like Casar—"
"But I do not know," interrupted Madame Humblot, "whether he has the honor to serve under Colonel Vautrin."
"If he is an infantry officer, there can be no doubt of it, as ours is the only regiment of that arm at Nancy."
"But perhaps he is in the cavalry. We have never seen him in uniform."
"You astonish me." What is his rask?"
"Captain, I think, or at least licutemant. He has never informed us of his rank."
"What an original he must be! What is his name, my dear Madame?"
"Alas! Madame, that is one of the matters upon which we hope to be informed by you."

you."

Madame Vautrin stared with wonder at this announcement, and the young girl burst into a hearty laugh. Madame Humblot perceived that there seemed to be some question of the soundness of her wits, and tinued hastily:

tion of the soundards what has so much astinued hastily:

"I will explain what has so much astonished you, my dear Madame, and you will see that Providence or fate is more responsible than I am for what seems to you so very odd. But is not this charming young lady rather too young to listen to a story of a nature so very—complicated—"

"Madame," broke in the young girl abrupily, and with an air of great self-assertion, "I am nearly fifteen years old, and my mother has always discussed the gravest questions confidentially in my presence. Do you desire me to leave you, mother?"

you desire me to leave you, mother?"

Madame Vautrin blushed deeply and stammered out, "Blanch—Blanchette—my stammered out, "Blanch—Blanchette—my darling treasure—you need not go away; but practice a little on your plane while we are talking—there's a good child." The spoiled child went to the plane and commenced an exercise, which she attacked furiously at first; but little by little her music became more subdued, and only served as a gentle accompaniment to the conversation, of which she did not fall to catch every attitue or interesting features. catch every striking or interesting feature quite as distinctly as her tender mother. "Madame," began the Widow Humblot, "I am not ashamed to tell you that I am a

"I am not ashamed to tell you that I am a perfect slave to my dear Antoinette. Ninetents of the mothers now-a-days are just like you and me in that respect, and maternal weakness seems to be an epidemic. When you and I were young we were as much loved, I suppose, but not in the same way. We used to be whipped sometimes, but our daughters never are, though they deserve it quite as much, perhaps. Our but our daughters never are, though they deserve it quite as much, perhaps. Our parents arranged our lives for us to suit shemselves, without much apparent regard to our fancies. We used to bewail our hard lot, and revolt sometimes; but it was of no use, and after all everything turned out for the best; for fathers and mothers know men much better than young girls in their teens. I thought I should die of despair because I was ascrificed to an ignorant farmer when I imagined I was dead in love with a pretty-faced attorney's clerk; but I have always blessed my parents for marrying me in spite of my tears to poor old Humblot, whee made me perfectly happy while my pretty clerk me perfectly happy while my pretty clerk was serving out a life sentence at the gal-leys. Autoinette is a good little girl, who loves me dearly and lets me into all her little loves me dearly and lets me into all her little secrets, and we have perfect confidence in each other. If she had taken a fancy to a hard case, I should only have to tell her so; but suppose now that this young officer be a good fellow, and he seems to be one, is there any reason in the world why I should oppose her wishes? There were some good matches proposed to us at Morans, but she didn't like any of them, and she gave reasons for her dislike which I could not resist. I always said to myself that she was young sons for her dislike which I could not resist. I always said to myself that she was young still, and we had pienty of time before us. And last month, as we had nearly gone through the whole list of eligibles in our neighborhood without finding any one to her baste, I took it into my head that there would be no harm in looking up something a little further off. I had read in the newspanning that the watering nlaces, like Badenpapers that the watering-places, like Baden-Baden, Hombourg, and the like, were places where a great many excellent matches were made; and, besides, my daughter seemed where a great many excellent matches were made; and, besides, my daughter seemed to be becoming a little vaporish, and in need of some amusement; so off we started for Baden. We got on very well till we came to Commercy. There Destiny was lying in wait for us. There was only one place in our railway compartment, and that I had filled up with wraps and bundles, hoping it would be kept unoccupied. But just as the train started an obstreporous crowd of ten or a dozen officers in uniforms, escorting another in civil dress, came directly to our carriage. They were all talking together as 'Is he married?"

Certainly, and has a daughter almost
wn, a young lady."

Oh! I am so afraid Madame Vautrin will

is they had just left table. The door of our be out," said Madame Humblot.

"That we can soon find out," said the domestic.

He crossed the street, exchanged a few words with the sentry, and returning reported the whole family of Colonel Vautrin at home. and shawls. He excused himself very civil-ly and threw away his cigar with horror as soon as he saw he was in the company of ladies. He was sorry to fill up our carriage, already so crowded, but he was obliged to rejoin his regiment as soon as he possibly could before his truancy should be discover-ed. He promised to seek a place in another carriage at the next station and in any ed. He promised to seek a place in another carriage at the next station, and in any event he was not going beyond Nancy. But he did not change at the next station, for we were already engaged in an animated conversation, and every one in the carriage was delighted by his charming and witty manner, for he did not once indulge in any reprehensible vivacities of expression. His language was original, frank, and soldier-like, but had none of the flavor of the barracks, or it would not have proved so seductive both to my daughter and to me. He is really a very accomplished young man, handreally a very accomplished young man, hand-

Social Co.

bewitched; for a mother is always niggardly of her daughter's love, and we are always disposed to look upon the man who pleases them as if he were a robber. But this youngster get on famously. The enemy's conceivy was conquered in advance, and his march was a triumph. My daughter has been brought up very strictly, and is naturally very timid, both on account of her rather accluded life, and her height, which is unusual at her age. But will you believe that ahe soon began to chatter with this young man as if they had been close friends for ten years? I could hardly recognize her, she was so full of frank gayety and innocent wiles. They were quite surprised to find themselves at the Nancy station, which proves that they had not counted the miles. The officer bade us adieu in a few words which expressed a great deal—sentiment, good-nature, and modesty. I don't recolict his exact words, but what he said amounted to this: that travelling is a queer sort of business; that travellers attach themselves to each other in a thousand ways as if they should never quit each other, and then at the first station it is good-night to everybody. Each goes his own way with some pleasant remembrance, and that is the end of it forever.

"He seemed to me right enough when I

at the first station it is good-night to everybody. Each goes his own way with some
pleasant remembrance, and that is the end
of it forever.

"He seemed to me right enough when I
began to think it over by myself; for when
one has an only daughter, one wants to have
her near home, and her marriage to the
bravest and most charming officer in the
world seemed to me no better than an abduction. Everything considered, I was glad
enough to forget this little incident, and I
was pleased to see that Antoinette ceased to
speak of it. At Baden we met very many
pleasant families, and the young men were
very attentive; for Antoinette is not only
very pretty herself, but she is known to have
an income of about sixty thousand france,
and larks are taken with the same bait at
Baden as everywhere else. You may be
sure there were plenty of proposals; there
were even, God bless me I some to spare for
me. In abort, everybody was very civil to
us, but Mademoiselle accepted it all as though
it was due to us, and nobody got any thanks.
I used to feel her pulse now and then, and
would ask her, Well, what do you say to this
one, or how are you pleased with the other?
But she always had the same answer, "Well
enough," So, so." Not the slightest heatiation or embarrassment, but a perfect indifference. So things went on for a month or
more, till one day, happening to break a
little fligree brooch not worth ten sons, she
began to cry at such a rate that it seemed as
if she would cry her eyes out. A mother
isn't foeled by such disproportionate grief.
For such an effect there must be some adequate cause. I questioned her; I began to
cry myself; I did just as you would have
done yourself, madame, for all mothers'
hearts are cast in the same mould; and at
last the poor child gave up to me her secret.
I had quite forgotten the young officer, but
for thirty days Antoinette had been thinking
of nothing else. Love had attained gently
and noiselessly to its full height in her innocent soul, which had shown itself a soil
admirably adapt

her.

"Alas! I did not need so much persuasion.
These daughters of ours hold our heartstrings and lead us wherever they will. I
have reflected, madame, on the subject, and
I begin to believe that Antoinette has made have reflected, madams, on the subject, and I begin to believe that Antoinette has made a wise choice. Epaulets are only a vain ornament, to be sure, but they are to some extent a guarantee. They indicate a certain degree of education, good-breeding, chivalric feeling, courteay, courage, disinterestedness, and, above all, of personal honor, for a man cannot remain in the army when this last comes to be suspected. The worst of it is, these officers drag our daughters about from city to city and from garrison to garrison; but I thought to myself, they cannot drag them to war with them, and I shall recover my rights over my daughter at each campaign, or, at least, over the babies, for these are not adapted to war transportation. And who knows, after all, but that he may resign his commission when he shall have a family? But, whether or no, my resolution is taken, his commission when he shall have a family?
But, whether or no, my resolution is taken, and this young man shall be my son-in-law, however humble his birth or extreme his poverty. We are rich enough for him and ourselves both, and I have never wanted my daughter to marry a marquis. It is a pretty position enough to be the wife of an officer. But now it remains to be seen whether this unknown beauty may not be a rake or a gambler or a drinker of absinths. If ill luck would have it that he should be addicted to either of these three vices, I would break off the marriage even though I should bring Antoinette to depair. I would rather kill her at a blow than to see her die a lingering death of torture."

At this peroration Madame Humblot shed a few tears, and Mademoiselle Vautrin made

At this peroration mademe frumbiot shed a few tears, and Mademoiselle Vautrin made a tremendous din on the piano. Madame Voutrin was an indolent but sympathetic soul, and the effort she had made to follow the recital, joined to the emotion it had caused, had put her into a profuse perspira-tion. She reflected a moment while wiping She reflected a moment while wiping ce and the back of her hands, and sud-

denly asked:
"What if he should be married?" "Oh! if he be married," replied Madame Humblot, "my daughter is saved. Impos-sibility settles everything." "And if he should be a son of some pre-

tentious and titled family-for there are

tentious and titled family—for there are many such in the army, you know?"

"As for that," said Madame Humblot, "we can only give what we have got, and in money we are not so ill provided. And our name is not a bad one either, for it is that of homest people who have never dispraced it. And after all, what does a woman's name signify when it is at once lost and merged in that of her husband?"

"Very well then, all we have to do is to

"Very well, then; all we have to do is to find the young man. Are you sure you should recognise him at the first glance?"

"Ob, among a thousand!"

should recognise him at the first glance?"

"Ob, among a thousand!"

"The search won't be either very long or very difficult. The garrison of Nancy is composed of our regiment, a couple of squadrons of cavalry, and a few efficers of artillery, and the general staff. I am not myself very well acquainted with Colonel Vautrin's efficers—but my daughter has a complete collection of their portraits in a photographic album. We will begin with that, and if you son-in-law is not in the regiment, we will make inquity among the cavalry and the staff. I am forry your young man's absunce was not on a regular leave, for then we should only have to look over the morning reports for the day you met him. But never fear; we shall find him out; it is only a question of time."

"A thousand thanks, my dear Madame Vautrin, for your aid and kind sympathy. May God reward you by granting to your dear girl the happiness you will confer upon mine!"

daughter:

"Blancheste!"

But the louder the mother called, the more violent and aremendous were Bianche's assessing upon the plano, which one would have thought was undergoing punishment for some fearful crime. When she condescended to give her attention, Madame Vantria continued:

"I beg pardon for disturbing you. Won't you please brisg as your album?"

"My album?"

"Yes, the album of the regiment."

"It is in my room. I will go for it."

She went out alowly, made a face at hereif in the mirror as she passed it, and when she had reached her chamber, closed the door after her and bolted it, took up an album bound in red leather with ivory ornaments, and began to turn over the leaves. At number five of the lieutenants of the second battalion she stopped. Beneath the potrait was written the name of Paul Astier.

"It is he," said she, making a face. "It can't be any one else."

She slipped the card out of its frame, tore it into little bits, and put them into her pocket. Then reflecting that the vecant space would perhaps excite remark, she tore out the page which had served for a frame, and, when she had concealed its fragments, her little features were lighted up with a nation joy as she muttered between her teeth.—

"At last I have my revenge on an insolent fellow! I am a woman!"

She ran down with the album to her mother, who thanked her, kissed her forehead, and aid—

"Now, my dear, you can stay with us; we have finished all our secrets."

And now only think how Madame Humblot's heart began to beat. She only glanced at the potraits of the superior officers, but when the captains began to defile before her also opened wide her eyes. The regimentwan not wanting in fine-looking man, but she thought with pride that all were less handsome and distinguished-looking than her future son in-law. Blanchette grinned as she listened to her remarks, and said to Madame Humblot.

"If these gentlemen could only hear you, they would pick a quarrel with the prince, who so for eclipses them all."

When they had reached the las eyes, and forehead seemed to go ill together, although her nose was straight, her fore-head shapely, and her eyes lustrous and with good lines. Perhaps it was only harmony that was wanting; but in a woman harmony

that was wanting; but in a woman harmony is overything.

Now, there is no girl of ten years old who doesn't say to herself when she sees a handsome woman, "That is what I would like to be to what I shall some day when I am grown up." But Nature seems to take a wicked pleasure in bringing to naught these hambitious bopes. She turns up with a brutai finger the poor little nose that wanted so much to be Grecian; she opens half-way to the ears an innocent mouth that didn't ask to be any bigger; hair of an uncertain color, we that gave promise of a beautiful auburn, the either grows inte an ugly brown or takes on the appearance and quality of tow. There the appearance and quality of tow. There is no help for it all, but the effect on the temper is not favorable to amiability. Blanche Vautrin would not probably lack admirers, for a well-dowried colonel's daughter, although ugly, could not fail of a hus-band; but she none the less was enraged at her lack of beauty, which she desired for

itself alone.

Almost all her father's officers flattered Almost all her father's officers flattered her and treated her with as much consideration as if she had been Venus in person, though their cajoleries were always received with disgust and ill-humor. But though their flatteries, which she considered her due, brought her no pleasure, any omission of them was sure to provoke her still more and while those who offered her this homage were treated with contempt, she hated those who refused it as rebellious and contumacieus.

The most bitterly execrated of all these rebels was Paul Astier. He was a handsome, brave, and upright fellow, who had made his own way in life. The son of a forester in the woods of Ardennes, he had worked hard to acquire the rudiments of a good education, and at eighteen had enlisted as a common addiger at the heriming of the Crication, and at eighteen and emisted as common soldier at the beginning of the Crimean war. He had gone through the campaign without a wound, though a mine had exploded directly beneath his feet at the attack on the Malakoff. When he returned in tack on the Malakoff. When he returned in vented him from contracting an alliance | 1856 he had been twice gazetted for gallantry, and had won his sub-lieutenaut's spaulets. In 1859 he had exchanged into | Colonel Vautrain's regiment, in order to take part in the campaign of Italy, and had found among the privates of his company an old friend and playmate with whom in boyhood he had bound fagots in the Ardennes. Bodin, who could neither read nor write, attached himself like a dog to him, and would | South and to inspire an attachment, if her personal attractions were such as her mother herself gave reason to suppose them to be.

He would marry her them, but after, or even before the ceremony, all the little circumstances of the romance would be exdin, who could neither read nor write, attached himself like a dog to him, and would | South and the little circumstances of the romance would be exdin, who could neither read nor write, attached himself like a dog to him, and would | South and the little circumstances of the romance would be exchanged into the personal attractions were such as her mother herself is evening; don't discourage them at all events."

At dinner Madame Vautrin told the story to ber husband.

"My doar," said the colonel, "I am sorry plained. Madame Humblot would not fail to tell that she had looked through the regiment. Lieutenants would be much more com-

the stage, and soon — Blanche felt no the slightest sympathy for this overgrown

Antoinette.

Nothing in the world could prevent or de-Nothing in the world could prevent or de-lay the conclusion if this interview should take place. Astier was an officer in good re-pute and credit, and had a brilliant future before him. His poverty was accepted in ad-vance by Madame Humblot. There was no doubt that he would thankfully accept the match proposed to him, for he was not averse to marriage; and though his pride and nobility of character would have pre-vented him from contracting an alliance purely of interest, yet this sentimental young lady could hardly fail to interest him and to inspire an attachment, if her personal attractions were such as her mother herself gave reason to suppose them to be.

a breve samelified this life to more him. (i.e., in several difference or the control of the con same the state again.

Sompany.

Monaicur Aslier, when you were a private, you used to carry a hanganch, didn't will be a promount of the prom

"I know that; nevertheless some civilian may have possibly dined with the officers at Commercy, and after dinner, when a little excited, may have thought it a good joke to humbug Madame Humblot."

"But for what purpose?"

"Oh! for fun, and because there are some faces that provoke humbugging just as certain trees draw the lightning. If you like to think that it was some vary distinguished.

think that it was some very distinguished young officer, very well; but if i were you, I should be careful how I encouraged my friends to risk their happiness and their savings on a person who has begun by ap-pearing in a false character."
"But if he is an officer, this young man?"

some service of him which he would be only too happy to perform.

But as soon as he saw the old officer, he perceived at once there was a storm brew-ing, for the nose was fairly blasing in the midst of his singularly pale countenance.

"Lieutenant," said the major, "have you ever had reason to complain of me when on duty?"

"Never, major."

duty?"
"Never, major."
"Or off duty?"
"Never."
"Have I ceased to deserve esteem among men, or to have a claim to the respect of young people?"
"Every one esteems and respects you,

Major."
'You haven't lost your wits by some ac-"Not that I know of."

"Not that I know or."
"You haven't been drank to-day?"
"No, that I am sure of."
"Then why the devil have you insulted mo, sacre bleu?"
"I, Major?"
"Who but you? I didn't address this blankmard thing to myself. I suppose. Do

blackguard thing to myself, I suppose. Do you recognize it?" Paul recognized the sketch, which he had d destroyed long ago and had quite

Major," said he, "when I drew this wretched caricature a year ago, I did a foolish and improper thing; but he who stole it, kept it, signed it with my name, and sent it to you, has done an infamous one. I ask your pardon for a fault which would have been a slight one if it had not come to your knowledge. As for the beggar who has taken pains to turn a trivial joke into an insult, I will endeavor to find him

out and to punish him as he deserves."

"Meantime," said the major, "since I should not have received this work of art unless you had executed it, you will be good enough to consider yourself under close arrest until further orders."

It is no great hardship for a civilian to re-main in his loolgings, although quite alone, for a week or two; but for a young officer it is a a week or two; but for a young officer it is a severe punishment. Almost always very poor, there is nothing homelike or attractive about the rooms they use only to sleep in. Paul Astier, like all infantry lieutenants, paid twenty francs a month for his quarters, sixty-five francs for his board, and for other necessary expenses the remainder of his pay, excepting the small sum of eleven francs per month, which he was at liberty to devote to eigars, to the coffee-house, to literature, to charity, or other extravarances or superfluicharity, or other extravarances or superfluicharity, or other extravagances or superflui-

He occupied a narrow and ill furn bled chamber in the oldest part of the city, but life had always smiled upon him, and he had dreamt pleasant dreams in his little den. A simple volunteer, he had advanced as far at his twenty-eixth year as the graduates of the military school of the same age. His name bad already been three times present-ed at general inspection as a candidate for the

SOM BOOK



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cross of the Legion of Honor, and he hoped cross of the Legion of Honor, and he hoped soon to be promoted to a captaincy. If he kept on at the same rate, it was cartain he would gain the rank of a general officer before he reached the age of supersummation. In the meantime his poverty was not irknown to him, and he was content. But the evening he returned to his lodgings under Major Sparrow's order, it seemed to him as if his star had suddenly become eclipsed, and the little room seemed very diemal. He hardly touched his dinear, which the faithful Bodin had brought to him perfectly cold, and the little room seemed very dismal. He hardly touched his disner, which the faithful Bodin had brought to him perfectly cold, and soon became absorbed in gloomy reflection. He was discontented with every one, himself included. He had given offenos unintentionally to an excellent old man, and this event could not fail to be attended by unlucky consequences. The general inspection was approaching, and, for a fault of which be was only half guilty at the worst, he should rue the rish of again failing to obtain the cross. This was the third time. His first momination was after the battle of Solferino, and that time he had failed because in actual war the wounded take precedence. The second time, the inspector general had set a black mark against him as "too familiar with his inferiors and wasting in diguity." For, the evening before at a party, Hanche Vautrin had said to the general. "To you see that tall officer who has such a fine figure? He lets his orderly the and thou him because they watched cattle together when they were boys at home."

The general had found that this was true, and had marked off news The general had found that this was true, and had marked off poor Astier. This time the affair was much more serious, but Paul was less effected by the thought of losing his just rights than by the shame he felt at having such an accusation to make against a fellow officer. The treachery was so base that he could not hear the thought of inputing it to a comrade. The first sensation of physical ill makes the new-born infant utter cries of main; and a young man experience. ories of pain; and a young man experience something similar when he first opens his eyes to the existence of moral evil, and dis-covers that every one is not houset and kind like himself. Without undressing, Paul threw himself upon his sittle bed and cried.

His confinement lasted for a whole fort-night, and during this time of absolute soli-tude he had no other distraction than the sight of the street, and the greasy novels which Bodin brought him from a neighboring translating library. Several times he felt circulating library. Several times he felt ashamed of his idiences, and wished to shake off his torpor and commence a work upon the military art over which he had long meditated. But he found with grief that his meditated. But he found with grief that his brain refused its service under these condi-tions, and his thought broke its wings against the walls of his chamber. He found that therty of movement was indispensable to the gestation of ideas, and that days of captivity like days on shipboard, are only the wastage and the refuse of one's life. Meantime, Madame Humblot and her daughter had taken again the road to Mo-rans. The old lake was as much vered as a

rans. The old lady was as much vexed as a sportsman who has failed to make a bag, and feels like shooting down pigeons and poulty rather than return home empty-handed. Towards the end of her stay she had pointed out first one officer and then another to her daughter, and seemed to say to her, "Since the Phonix has disappeared, let us take the

est we have left."

But Antoinette's heart was not to be moved. "If it be God's will that I ever marry," said she, "I shall find again bin whom I have loved. But if this happiness is dened me, I shall know that it is His will to keep

me to Himself."
Blanche Vautrin glosted over her despair like a little demon. She never quitted her victim, and tasted drop by drop each one of her innocent tears with ravenous appetite; then all of a sudden she would herself burst. into tears without apparent motive, would embrace peor Antoinette with violence, and eagerly demand her favor and pardon. Au-toinette hardly knew how to express her gratitude for such generous cutbursts of sympa-thy, and could only exclaim:

'How good and kind you are! and how I love you!

lore you!"
"Oh, no," Blanche would reply; "you must detest me, rather. I have a wicked heart, I am a monster!"
Three or four times she was just on the

science is like a field of battle covered with the dead and wounded. I have done all I possibly could to aid you; and if you are not happy, there are others, much more wretch-

sought for the explanation of this enigmatical language. Nothing is astonishing in the mouta of a girl of fitteen.

Two days after the departure of the Hum-blot family, Paul Asier was released from confinement. The cause of his arrest was or fluement. The cause of his arress was of made public, but it was known that he had treated his superior officer with disrespect. His name was stricken off the list of nominations for the cross, and that of Lieu-tenant Foucault put in its place. When he reappeared at the mess-table he received coldly the condolences of his comrades, and when at dessert a bottle of champagne was opened in honor of his return, he rose whon his health was proposed.

bealth was proposed. "Gentlemen," he said, "before respond-"Gentlemen," he said, "before respond-ing I have a quostion to ask. Do any of you recollect that about a year ago I showed one day at table a carresture of Major Sparrow?" He did not wait for an answer, but contin-

ued in a dry tone:
"The dinner ended so gayly that I forgot

"The dinner ended so gayly that I forgot to take my sketch with me. Did any one of you happen to find it?"
"I did," said Foncault.
"Ah, indeed! was it you? The coinci-

dence is disagreeable, "Why?"

" Why!"

Did you keep the drawing?"

No. I thought it of no consequence, and I gave it away."

Gave it or sent it?"

Gave it directly." Foucault, tell me this instant to whom receive orders only from my superiors,

Monsieur Astier."

"If you refuse to receive my orders, you his schemes for improvement; he was right

light.
She gradually recovered her strength, but her gayety had quite foreaken her. It was thought she could hardly endure the winter of Lorsine, and it was arranged that she should apend the cold season in Palermo with her mother. The day of their departure they met before the door of the station a tail, and pale young officer, who was walking painfully along, one arm resting upon a came and the other on the shoulder of the faithful Bodin. He touched his cap to the colonel, who was in the carriage, then turned away with an indefinable expression of disdain. Blanche comprehended that an explanation with Lieutenant Foucault had taken place after the duel, and that Paul was no longer ignorant of the author of his misfortanes.

Madame Vautrin, always kind and tenderhearted, said to her daughter—

Madams Vautrin, always kind and tender-hearted, said to her daughter—
"There's a poor fellow who sorely needs a trip to Sicely, too."
"Unluckily," replied the colonel," he has only his pay to live on."
Blanche could not help thinking that ex-cept for her the young officer would be in good health, rich, and happy. Her remorse followed her to the land of the orange and myrtis. To a soul not utterly corrupt, a bad good heath, rich, and happy. Her removes followed her to the land of the orange and myrtle. To a soul not utterly corrupt, a bad action is a heavy burden. Hardly a day passed that Blauche did not think of Paul Astior, and ask herself, "Where is be now? what has become of him? He must feel the cold so oruelly, while I seek shelter from the warm sunboams. Perhaps he may have had a relapset—perhaps he is dead. And I should know nothing of it? No one would inform me—and I, unhappy girl, have not even the right to ask a question concerning him!"

Now and then she exchanged a letter with Mademoiselle Humblot, and the news which she received from Morans, did not comfort her conscience. Autoinette informed her that she was about to enter a convent, but without formally renouncing her liberty. An abund but obsticate hope still sustained the poor girl.

abund but obsticate hope still sustained the poor girl.

"Still another brave heart that I have brought to desolation," thought Blanche, "and for what? What have I gained by ali this suffering? I spread misery around me, and there is not in the whole world a more unhappy wretch than I."

While she was passing her life in alternate self-repreach and self-bewailings, the climate, the open air, exercise, and, above all, youth, had performed their work and completely metamorphosed her little person. Her frait figure had become full and plump, her dresses became too small for her, the bony protuberances of her arms disappeared, and here and there dimples began to show. Her color had changed from a dult tawny hue to the brillian? olive so much admitted in creoles. At Palermo, she was Three or four times she was just on the point of avowing everything, but something restrained her. It was neither justousy nor the dread of blame, nor remorse for the lies she had t.ld, but a kind of shamefaced pride. "I would avow all," she said to herself, if I were only a little older; if thought beautiful; and her mother passed hours and hours before her in apparous continuous are as maligness, and them, there is the continuous continuous are as maligness, and them, there is the continuous continuous are as maligness, and them, there is the continuous continuous are as maligness, and them, there is the continuous continuous are as maligness, and them, there is the continuous continuous are as maligness, and the continuous continuous are as maligness, and the continuous continuo I were only sixteen instead of fifteen; but people are so malicious and though they admit that the heart has neither youth nor age, yet this maxim only serves to justify the follies of old mads of forty."

The day Mademoiselle Humblot bade her and the property of the point of t

not only had resumed his military duty, but for two months had been hard at work at day evening receptions.

This necessity brought him several times into Mademoscille Vautrin's presence, but he always affected not to know her. Beau-

"Always and everywhere, Mademoiselle, no matter what charges may happen, you may be sure of my grateful remembrance."

Then turning away from her he left the room, lighted his cigar in the vestibule, and humming an air, returned to his quarters, where his work was awaiting him. This was the execution of his long considered plan of a new work upon the military art, which should revolutionize the whole system and organisation of the army. He had thought much and deeply upon the subject, and his experience in the Crimea, in Africa, and Italy, had made evident to him many of those vices in the military system then prac-tised, which it was his object to correct and remove. His book gave evidence of careful study and annual judgment, and even its most were full of brilliant ideas some of which have since been adopted and made to do good service in the army; but, unfortunately, Paul A-tier was too early with

will take at any rate this plans of whos in stream of the which was a few hours in stream of the winds doord. Bee he felt as statefared to prevent a scriffe, and a dead was a statefared to prevent a scriffe, and a dead was a statefared to prevent a scriffe, and a dead was a statefared to prevent a scriffe, and a dead was a statefared to prevent a scriffe, and a dead was a statefared to prevent a scriffe, and a dead was a statefared to prevent a scriffe, and a dead was a statefared to prevent a scriffe, and a dead was a statefared to prevent a scriffe, and a dead was a statefared to prevent a scriffe, and a dead was a statefared to prevent a scriffe, and a dead was a statefared to prevent a scriffe, and a dead was a statefared to prevent a scriffe, and a dead was a statefared to prevent a scriffe, and a dead was a statefared to prevent a scriffe, and a few of the statefared to prevent a scriffe, and a few of the statefared to prevent a scriffe, and a few of the statefared to prevent a scriffe, and a few of the statefared to prevent a scriffe, and a few of the statefared to prevent a scriffe, and a few of the statefared to prevent a scriffe, and a few of the statefared to prevent a scriffe, and a few of the statefared to prevent a scriffe, and a few of the statefared to prevent a scriffe, and a state scriffe, and a state scriffe, and the scriff and scriffe was and scriffe was and scriffe was a scriffe was a scriffe was a scriff was a scrif

roll. Now his pay barely sufficed as it was for his subsistence; but supposing one-fifth of it to be applied to the claims of his creditors, the liquidation would require a few days over nineteen years. In such cases the rule adopted by the military authority cannot be sufficiently admired. The debtor is at once placed on the retired list; that is to say, reduced to half-pay. Paul Astier then found himself one fine morning in a condition of himself one fice morning in a condition of semi-destitution which left him about eighty francs per month. His colonel took him aside and said to him with all the courtesy

aside and said to him with all the courtesy and kindness imaginable:

"My dear fellow, I am very sorry, but I can't help you. We are all bound by the Regulations. You will be missed in the regiment, for you are not only endowed with great capacity, but with the most amiable qualities. I will do what I can to reconcile you with the superior authorities, and we shall all be glad to have you back again when you have paid your debts. Choose whatever residence you please."

you have paid your debts. Choose whatever residence you please."

Paul replied that he would remain at Nancy, but that he had no hope of being able to pay his debts.

"What the devil then put it into your head to write and print a book? You had begun so well, my dear fellow! But now for two years you seem to have got into a streak of bad luck. It began with your trouble with Sparrow. I'm not superstitious, but sometimes it seems to me as if some ene had cast a spell over you."

"It may be so, Colone."

some ene had cast a spell over you."
"It may be so, Colonel."
The next day he quit service and began to give lessons in the town. As he had some good friends who recommended him, he soon had plenty of pupils. He taught some drawing and others mathematica. He no longer frequented the cafe, was prodigiously economical, reduced his expenses to one hundred francs a month, and began to pay something to his credit rs. One day some one asked him if he would give a young lady lessons in water-colors. "Certainly," said he.

"Well, take care you don't fall in love with your pupil. She is Mademoiselle Vau-

trin,"
"Ah, right enough," replied Paul; "she

is much too pretty; besides, I have no time to give her."

Blanche kept herself informed of all that he did. She talked with the orderly, Schu-macher, who tippled with Bodin, who still served his old licutenant gratis. The young laborer trundles his wheelbarrow. For the first time in her life she awoke to the conhis quarters. He would not have allowed ception of true greatness of soul, which is himself an hour of recreation a week, if he had not been abliged to appear at the Monjustice she rendered to her enemy, the more rigorously she condemned her own conduct, One sad October day she saw from her win dow a tall young man burrying along the street in the driving rain and sheltering himhe always affected not to know her. Beautiful or ugly, she was neither more nor less
monstrous in his eyes; but still he did not
fail to do justice to her beauty.

One evening when he was near her, though
her back was toward him, she divined his
presence, and turning quickly upon him
said—
"Am I then so much changed, Monsieur
Aster, that you have quite forgotten me?"
He replied, coldly—
"Always and everywhere, Mademoiselle,
no matter what charges may happen, you
may be sure of my grateful remembrance."
Then turning away from her he left the the window panes, and drawing back as if overcome by shame, she fell into a chair and burst into sobs.

burst into sobs.

The young man caught in his haste some glimpees of this pantomime, and fell into a reverie as he returned to his den.

"My eyes must have deceived me, or I have comprehended 'll," thought he; "but even though she should repent of her wick-subsets, remotes would only make one more

the depths of my heart a souvenir which I cannot now suffer to remain there without sin. I pluck it out and send it to you. When you shall have destroyed this letter it will have ceased to exist. It is done. I beg your

Blanche did more than weep; she sobbe Blanche did more than weep; she robbed aloud, she prayed, she begged pardon of God, of her mother, of poor devoted Antoinette. "No!" she cried, "I will not destroy a souvenir so touching and so pure! Good, faithful, noble girl! she was made for him; they are worthy of each other. Ah! shall every one but me in this wretched world be of some worth and value? I will become like them, cost what it will! I will undo my deteatable work, and will repair

world be or some worth and value? I will become like them, cost what it will! I will undo my detestable work, and will repair the harm I have done. Without a miracle, did you say, dear angel? Then a miracle there shall be!"

Madame Vautrin was utterly confounded at this explosion, and sobbed and wept without knowing why.

"But tell me," she begged, "tell me what is the matter. What has happened? Heaven help me, my daughter has lost her wits!"

"No, mother, I am calm, and I will be brave, and you shall know all. But send for my father; he must be here."

When she was in the presence of her judges, she frew up her own indictment, and did not spare herself. The history of the album terrified her mother, who could hardly credit such deep desamulation in her daughter; but the colonel was not so much affected by it, and parhaps only half understood it. But when he knew that Blanche had put the signature of Astier and the address of the major to the fatal caricature, he turned pale and sprang to his feet with

had put the signature of Astier and the address of the major to the fatal caricature,
he turned pale and sprang to his fect with
uplifted hand.

"Wretch!" cried he, "I would crush you
this instant before me if you were a man;
but, thanks to God, you are a miserable girl,
and will not always bear my name!"

She did not bend before his terrible anger,
but walked straight up to hur and said.

but walked straight up to him and said:
"Kill me, father. You will do me a kind-ness, for I am so wretched."
When she had conferred everything the

colonel said to her:

"Do you know what we have now to do?
I shall send for Astier, and will recount to him before you all your infamous behaviour;
I will place him again in the path of fortune and happiness from which your wickedness has driven him; and, as you are an inferior and irresponsible creature, I will myself ask his forgiveness for the wrong you have done

Paul was sent for aud came in. As soon as he perceived the two ladies, he under-stood that there was no question of military duty, but he could guess no more. Madame Vautrin was wiping her eyes, and Blanche was clutching the arms of her chair as if there had been an abyas before her. The colonel was red in the face, and pulled at his

shirt collar, and twisted his moustache, and east furious glances about him. "My dear Astier," he began, "you will one day be a father—soon, I hope. May God preserve you from ever knowing the shame which at this instant is strangling me! Do you recollect that six months ago I asked you if some one had not cast a spell over you? My friend, there is the sor-ceres:!"

"Colonel, I beg of you, deal gently with your daughter; she was but a child when she committed the—regueries you repreach per with.

What! you know then?"

"What! you know then?"

"The story of Major Sparrow? Certainly, I have known it long."

"And you said nothing, and you passed it over! and you barely escaped death on the field! Blanche, if he had died, I would have killed you!"

Blanche, was silent, but her countenance.

have killed you!"
Blanche was silent, but her countenance seemed to say, "I should not have cared."
"But if you knew ali," consumed the colouel, "why then haven't you married Mademoiselle Humblot?"

Mademoiselle Humblot?"

At this name Paul's stupefaction showed clearly that there was a part of the story was considered in the reputation of having eight would destroy my character with the laudlords of the quiet that the did not know. The colonel related the affair from its beginning as he himself the about happen to get in a New York paper."

She begs, therefore, that the statement may be corrected by substituting three instead of an anonymous insult will posson the hours of a Stoic. Paul Astier all at once

and Blanche, feeling his eyes upon her, trembled under their grave, sorntioning, has gentle look. Paul Astier's kind and element eyes troubled her more than her father's rage. The lieutenant had never yet shown so much kindness toward her; and never, merver, in their long warfare, bind abe felt so dreadfully afreid of him.

The colonel faished his speech by saying:

"My friend, I will obtain for you a leave of absence and a pass for Morana. As it would not be befitting that you should leave any debts behind you at Rancy, I heg you to do me the honor of using my purse. This letter of your future wife (take it, take it!) will show you that, though not expected nor hoped for at Morana, you will be most welcome there. I shall myself come to your wedding. Meantime, I shall bring about your reconciliation with the War Department, and shall obtain for you a triumphal readmission to the regiment. The honorable distinction which was your due, and which my daughter has so diabolically prevented you from obtaining, shall not long be wanting, I promise you. I cannot engage to brieg it to you as a wedding present, but I will tell Madame Humblot what manner of man you are, with what galiantry you have borne yourself before my eyes under the fire of the enemy, and what is still more rare and more noble, with what magnanimity you have supported your distresses. And I will say to her that any father of a family, no matter how high his rank or position, might well be proud to call you his son-in-law."

This eloquence would probably have transported any other man than Paul. Him it seemed hardly to touch, and he negligently to let fall the precious letter. His attention was directed to the three countenances of the Voutrin family; he seemed to be seeking some hidden meaning in the words of the colonel, and interrogated with pensive and troubled eye the physiognomy of the two ladies.

At last he seemed decided.

"Monsieur Vautrin," said he, "may I see

At last he seemed decided,

"Monsieur Vautrin," said he, "may I see
you a moment in private? I have a few
words to say to you."

When they were in the ante-chamber he
continued:

ontinued:

"Colonel, in the whole world there is no better man than you. You have never harmed any one but your country's enemies, and even them you would have spared if the affair could have been arranged in any other way. Madame Vautrin is a wife worthy of you. The lining is of the same quality as the stuff. Now, I believe it a moral impossibility that the association of two rights should produce a wrong, and I refuse utterly to believe that Mademoiselle Vautrin has done wrong for the mere pleasure of wrongdone wrong for the mere pleasure of wrong

done wrong for the mere pleasure of wrongdoing."

"But what possible motive?"

"Bless me! I did not foresce that it
would be so difficult to explain myself. But
I must go on now I have begun. You have
had time to know me thoroughly, and you
know I am not a conceited puppy nor a fortune-bunter. You will understand that I
am not a man to bring sorrow upon my
friends for the sake of throwing myself at the
bead of people I never saw. What I have now
to say will seem to you mad enough, but you
must think what you will. Colonel, I have
the honor to ask of you the hand of Mademoiselle Vautrin, your daughter, and I
make my retreat lest you drive me from
your house as you did before from your regiment."

As he finished he opened the door and slipped out quietly, leaving the colonel ut-terly dumbfounded.

terly dumbfounded.

"Blanche! Augustine!" cried he; "my daughter! my wife! we have done a mischief, my dear children! The poor devil's wits are surely crased! Will you believe that in answer to all I have said to him he has

asked my permission to marry Blanchette?'
The young girl in her turn uttered a loud ory—but it was a cry of joy.
"1—I, who have so much deserved punishment! Oh! mother, mother, the thousandth part of God's goodness has not been told!"—The Galaxy.

The Petersburg Index has an article on the decline of duelling in Virginia, which concludes sensibly as follows:—"Upon the whole, in its old age it had become a nuisance and a bore. Let us take off our hats to the old thing for the last time, and bury him decently out of our sight."

The Richter said, "I believe the faults of the price when the property is the property of the price when the property is the property of the property of the property is the property of the prop

many lively men have more merit than the virtues of the cold and unexcitable, that cost them no troubl

George Augustus Sala has been studying the philosophy of drunkenness, and argues in a late magazine article that the spread of cigar-smoking is one of the chief causes of the decline of intemperance in respectable and refined society. He admits that this looks like a paradox, but asserts that it is not, and supports his assertion by saying: "A drunken man cannot enjoy a cigar at all; and a sober one cannot appre-ciate any wine save thin clarct while he is appoint."

It is e-timated that the European war will cost each nation engaged in it from thirty to fifty million dollars a month; and the people who earn their bread by the sweat of their brow will have to pay for it. mer has been three degrees above the ave-

rage of the last fifty years.

The American workman can equal or excel the best foreign work. Doubtful.

This is reported that the New York Tribune is having Greeley's old editorial manuscripts engraved as maps of the seat of

what, what are you leading over that tempty cash for? You look as though you had lost all your friends." "The fact is, Tom, I am mourning over departed spirits." "I have a conundrum for you." Well?" "Would you rather be a bigger fool than you look, or a bigger fool than you look, or a bigger fool than you are?" The person addressed thought he would rather be a bigger fool than he looked. "You can't!"

The statement that Jennie June has eight children, which has been going the rounds of the papers, is contradicted by the lady herself. She writes: "Now, I have no objection to eight, or even sixteen children, objection to eight, or even sixteen children, if I could support them, and society sanctioned so large a family, but New York objects to children as strongly as Boston, and the reputation of having eight would destroy my character with the laudlords of the quiet houses and all respectable servant girls, if ahould happen to get in a New York paper." She begs, therefore, that the statement may be corrected by substituting three instead of eight.

People C

The London Saturday Review in willing to admit "that when Washington Irving went to sleep at an English dinner party, the cause may have been the steplidity of the party and not the redences of Irving."

The London Saturday Review in willing to admit "that when Washington Irving went to sleep at an English dinner party, the cause may have been the steplidity of the party and not the radeness of Irving."

The American Peace Society met at Boston last week, and adopted recolutions advising neutral nations to exert themselves in favor of peace in Europe, and deneunoing the war there as causeless and inhuman.

"I any, friend, your horse is a little contrary, is he not?" "No, sir?" "What makes him stop then?" "Ob, he's afraid somebody'll say whos, and he shan't hear it."

The A rich heires of France was betroached to an aristocratic young officer of high rank in the French army. At the first indication of war the young officer, whose muptials were to be celebrated at an early day, resigned his commission. On hearing this his betrothed sent him the following laconic letter:—"I had intended to marry a man. You are not even a woman. Count no longer on ma."

The I oregon, Illinois, the Roman Catholics have a church, but no resident priest.

laconic letter:—"I had intended to marry a man. You are not even a woman. Count no longer on ma."

If in Oregon, Illinois, the Roman Catholics have a church, but no resident priest. The child of a Oatholic died there the other day, and in the absence of the priest, the Rev. George W. Crofta, a Protestant minister, officiated by request, in the Catholic church, and pronounced a benediction at the grave. His service and remarks were very acceptable to the Catholic people.

If CKLERY AND ONIONA.—Many persons become so much affected with nervousness, that the least annoyance greatly agitates them, and when they stretch out their hands they shake like appen leaves on windy days. By a daily, moderate use of the blanched stalks of celery as a salad, they may become as strong and steady in limbs as other persons. Every one sugaged in labor weakening to the nerves, or afflicted with palpitation of the heart, should use celery daily in season, and onions in its stead, when not in season.—Educational Gasette.

If Marion county, Alabama, has a surplus of eight hundred spinsters, who have no chance of marrying there.

If A new style of hair pin has been devised, which acrows into the head so as to fix the chignon immovably.

If A Lancaster (Pa.) official has sued another for charging him with wearing a "woman-killing moustache."

If The French army, it is, computed, amounts to 1,350,000 men, or 800,000 men in the regular army on a war footing, and 550,000 men in the Garde Mobile. In addition, the law of August 15th, 1870, incorporated all Frenchmen, between the ages of 20 and 30, in the Garde Mobile, and all from 30 to 40 in the National Home Guard. At the last consus France was credited with 3,760,000 men, between 20 and 30, and 3,128,000 between 30 and 40.

If The word Tremont is pronounced as many different ways in Boston as there are buildings, streets and institutions with the local name, which is itself a modernized word for Tri-mountain.

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WIT AND HUMOR.

speech of Eschariah Spicer, Mr. Spicer was called upon to speak to the question, "Which evjoys the greatest amount of happiness, the bachelor or the matried man?" He responded as fol-

Mr. President and Gendemen-1 rise to Mr. President and Gentlemen—I rise to advocate the cause of the married man. And why should I not? I claim to know something about that institution—I do. Will any gentleman pretend to say that I do not? Let him with my wife and seventeen children, and then decide.

High as the Rocky Mountains tower above the Mississippi Valley does the married man tower above the backelor? What is a backelor? What was Adam before he become acquainted with Eve. What but a poor, shiftless, insignificant creature? No more to be

less, insignificant creature? No more to be compared to his afterself, than a milidam to the great roaring cataract of Niagara. (Ap-

Gentlemen, there was a time, (I blush to say it.) when I, too, was a bachelor; and a more miserable creature you would hardly expect to find. Every day I toiled hard-and at night I came home to my comfortless garret—no carpet, no fire, no nothing. Every thing was in a clutter, and in the words of the poet—

"Confusion was monarch of all he sur veyed.

Here lay a pair of pants, there a dirty pair of boots; there a play-bill, and here a pile of dirty cluthes. What wonder that I took peruge at the gaming table and bar-room. I found it would never do, gentlemen, and in a lucky moment I vowed to reform. Scarcely had the promise passed my lips, when a knock was heard at the doer, and came Susan S'mpkins, after my dirty

clothes.

"Mr. Spicer," said she, "I've washed for you six months, and I haven't received the first red cent in the way of payment. Now I'd like to know what you are going to do

about it."

I felt in my pecket-book; there was nothing in it, and I knew it well enough.

"Miss Simpkins," said I, "it's no use denying it, I haven't got the pewter. I wish, for your sake, I had."

for your sake, I had."
"They," she said, promptly, "I don't
wash another rag for you."
"Stop," said I. "Susan, I will do what
I can for you. Silver and gold have I none;
but if my heart and hand will do, they are at

Are you in earnest?" said she, looking a

"Are you in earness."
Ittle suspictous.
"Never more so," says I.
"Then," says she, "as there seems to be no prospect of getting my pay any other way, I guess I'll take up with your offer."
Enough said, We were married in a week;

Enough said. We were married in a week; and what's more, we haven't repented it. No more attics for me, gentlemen. I live in a good house, and have somebody to mend my clothes. When I was a poor miserable bacheler, gentlemen, I used to be as thin as a wensel. Now, I am as plump as a porker.

In conclusion, gentlemen, if you want to be a poor, ragged fellow, without a cost to your back, or a shoe to your foot, if you want to grow old before your time, and as uncomfortable generally as a "hedgehog rolled up the wrong way," I advise you to remain a bachelor; but if you want to live decently and respectably, get married. I've got ten daughters, gentlemen, (over-powering applause,) and you may have your

Mr. Spicer sat down, amid long-con-nued plaudits. The generous proposal ith which he concluded secured him five

Punchinello at the White Sulphus Apring.

From experience in the matter, Mr. P. is prepared to say, that not only as an expo-nent of the beauties of nature, but as a drink, a mint-julep is far superior to the water which gives this resent its celebrity. Way people persist in drinking that vices of all water which is found at the fashionable springs, Mr. P. cannot divine. If it is medisprings, Mr. P. cannot divine. If it is medicine you want, you can get your drugs at any apothecary's, and he will mix them is water for you for a very small sum extra. And the saving in expense of travel, board and extras, will be enormous.

That evening at supper Mr. P. remarked that his biscuits were rather hard, and he blandly requested a waiter to take one of them outsine and crack it. The elder Peyton, who runs the hold overhead Mr. P. were

who runs the hotel, overheard Mr. P.'s re

who runs the hotel, overheard Mr. P.'s re-mark, and stepping up to him, said: "Sir, you should not be so particular about your food. What you pay me, while you stay at my place, is my charge for the water you drink. The food and lodging I throw in, gratis, Mr. P. arose,

Mr. Peyton," said he, "when I was quite "Mr. Peyton," said be, "when I was quite a little boy, my father, making the tour of America, brought me here, and I distinctly remember your making that remark to him. Since then many of my friends have visited the White Saiphur, and you invariably made the same remark to them. Is there no way to escape the venerable joke?"

The gentle Peyton made no answer, but walked away, and after supper, one of the boarders took Mr. P. aside and urged him to excuse their host, as he was obliged to make

excuse their host, as he was obliged to the joke in question to every guest, obligation was in his lease.

the matter blew over.

So the matter blew over.

Reflecting, however, that if he had to pay so much for the water, that he had better drink a little, Mr. P. went down to the apring to see what could be done. On the way, he met Uncle Aaron, formerly one of Washington's body-servants. The venerable patriarch touched his hat, and Mr. P., hoping from such great age to gain a little wisdom, propounded the following questions:

"Uncle, is this water good for the bile?"

"Oh, lor! ne, mah'sr! Dat dar water 'ud jis spile anything you biled in it. Make it taste of rotten eggs, for all the world, sir! 'Deed it would."

"But what I want to know," said Mr. P.,

"is why the people drink it."

"Lor' bless you, mah'sr! Dis here chile kin tell you dat. You see de gem'men from de Norf dey drinks it bekase they eat so much cold wheat bread. Allers makes 'em sick. sir."

'And why do the Southerners drink it?" "Wal, mah'sr, you see dey cate so much of wheat bread, and it don't agree wid 'em,

"But how about the colored people? I have seen them drinking it, frequently," and Mr. P.
"Ob low making how to be a seen t

Oh lor, mah'ar, how you is a askin' ques-ns! Don't you know dat de colored folks



A MIS-UNDERSTANDING.

TOLL KEEPER—" Hi! You ain't paid toll!"

TAN—" 'Course not! I ain't a we'icle, and yer can't call me a foot-passenger, sure-ly/"

hab to drink it bekase dey don't get no wheat

Mr. P. heard no better philosophy than this on the subject while he remained at the White Sulphur. When he left, he brought a couple of gallons of the water with him, and intends keeping it in the water-cooler in his office, for loangers.—Punckinello.

Stopping the Train.

The express train was whirling along over the Lehigh Valley Railroad the other daythe Lehigh Valley Railroad the other day—behind time and running at furious speed—when the engineer caught sight of an old lady slowly pottering ahead upon the track. Instantly the whistle was blown. No heed, however, was taken of it. But thinking the venerable dame would get out of danger in due time, the speed was not alackened, though the screaming of the whistle made the mountains ring. Yet still she (the woman) kept slowly on, neither turning her head to the right nor left, until the engine was almost upon her. Then the brakes were was almost upon her. Then the brakes were put on with a will, and a stoppage effected just in time to save her life. "What the—devil is the matter with you?"

"What the devil is the masser who you asked the engineer, as he jumped off and took the ancient dame by the shoulder.

"Guess you needn't scream so. You have made fuss enough already was the caustic

reply.
"You heard the whistle, then?"

"Sartainly. I hain't deaf."
"Then why in the name of thunder didn't you get off the track?"

you get off the track?"

"You hain's got no right to run over folks, as I know on, and it's your business to stop when you see them walking on the track!"

The swearing of "our army in Flanders" was nothing compared to that of the engineer, as he pushed her aside, sprang upon the machine, and set it whizzing again to the tune of forty miles an hour.

A Long Race.

A Long Race.

A gentleman in Wooster, Ohio, relates the following amusing instance of the simplicity of the African lad, as evincing his first efforts to attain a knowledge of the English vocabulary. The boy, some eight or ten years old, Dan by name, was set to learn words in an old speiling-book that had been tossed about the house. He soon became interested in watching a race between a small boy and Time, as represented by an engraving in the book, and every spare moment of the day that he could find was devoted to the contemplation of the (to him) exciting chase. Night finally compelled the young African to lay aside the book which his race at the present day manifest so much pleasure in studying, and to retreat to his pallet, where no doubt he dreamed, "dat big fellow wid de mowin' seyve," as he called him, in pursuit of the poor frightened boy. Dan was up with the lark next morning, and the first thing he did was to get the speller and look for his heroes of the race. He gazed intently for an instant at the picture, and then, with a wild scream of delight, exclaimed all about the old kitchen, "He ain't cotched 'im yit!"

A New Remedy.

From Surprise Valley comes the following story of an old fellow who got very jealous because his young wife went to a ball with a good-looking fellow, and stayed out until broad daylight. The old chap went to a Justice of the Peace and told his story, winding it up with "I want yer to help me for that ar thing has been coing on about -for that ar thing has been going on about

long enuf."
"Well," says the Justice, "you can write down to Yreka, and see if some of the lawyers can't get you a divorce."
"Divorce!" roared the angry man, "who

the dense wants a divorce?"

The justice began to get wrathy.
"If you don't want a divorce, what the deuse brought you here? "Why, I want an injunction to stop fur-ther proceedings."

HARD UP.—At a station on the overland route the keeper got rather short of pro-visions—in fact, had nothing left but a bottle of mustard and some bacon. As the stage stopped there one day to change horses, the passengers scated themselves at the table, and the host said.

Shall I help you to a piece of bacon?" "No, thank you; I never eat bacon," said

one traveller, "Said the station-keeper, help yourself to the mustard!"

One of the Russian singers at Pittsburg, the other day, thought he had got far enough along in English to call for food at the table, and accordingly asked the lady at his side to give him "Some kisa." She blushed, and he repeated it with the unfortunate appendix, "The same as you game me this morning." She arese from her seat with indignation, the boarders glared on the wretch who would thus flaunt his crimes, while he barely retained strength enough to get up and reach the desired viand. It was cheese.

Oh, the years I lost before I knew you, love! Oh, the hills I climbed and came not to you, Ah! who shall render unto us to make us glad, The things which for and of each other's wake We might have bad?

If you and I had sat and played together, love-Two speechless babies—in the summer wea-ther, love; By one sweet brook, which though it dried

up long ago, Still makes for me to-day a sweeter song Than all I know— If hand in hand through the mysterious gateway, love, Of womanhood, we had first looked, and

straightway, love, Had whispered to each other, softly, ere it yet Was dawn, what now in noonday heat and fear We both forget-

If all of this had added its completeness love, To every hour, would it be added sweetness, love?
Could I know sooner whether it were well or

With thee? one wish could I more surely More swift fulfil?

Ah! vainly thus I sit and dream and ponder,

Losing the precious present while I wonder, About the days in which you grew and came to be, So beautiful, and did not know the name Or sight of me.

But all lost things are in the angels' keeping, love,
No past is dead for us, but only sleeping love,
The years of heaven will all earth's little
pain make good,
Together there we can begin again
In babyhood.

From Paris we hear of an entirely new stage effect. Is one of the scenes of Sardou's new fairy extravaganza, "Le Roi Carvete," the stage is to be filled with a crowd of girls and youths who are, in the presence of the audience, to seemingly grow older and pass through the various changes produced by increasing years, until at last all grow gray or bald, and crooked and bent with age.

AGRICULTURAL.

of light into them will not be deemed out of

Light in day-time is essential to the comfort and health of domestic animals, and to none more so than to horses and cattle. A none more so than to horses and cattle. A horse, especially, loses spirit when confined in a dark stable day after day, being brought out only perhaps daily to water at a trough in the yard or at a neighboring brook, or to do a half-hour's work occasionally, to say nothing of the danger of his incurring blindness by the exposure of his unprotected eyes to the giare of the sun's rays; and if the ground should be covered with snow, the tendency of the sunlight to produce blindness would be considerably increased.

A case in point occurred last spring in the town of Fishkill, Dutchess county, N. Y. A horse, valued at two thousand dollars, had been kept in a dark stable some nine or ten

horse, valued at two thousand dollars, had been kept in a dark stable some nine or ten days, and fed luxuriously. When brought out, and his eyes exposed to the full blase of the vernal am, it was soon found that be was blind. The owner, who had previously been offered nearly two thousand dollars for him, was then glad of an opportunity to sell him for less than one twentieth part of that sum. It seems to us that farmers do not fully appreciate the importance of light in their horse and cow stables. Very few farmers' barns built forty years ago have even a single window. Some of those recently erected have a few, but in a majority of cases they are too small, and not inserted where they should be. There should be at least one large window for every two stalls, placed opposite each partition, and the bottom of the suches should not be lower than six feet from the stable floor, so that when open or from the stable floor, so that when open or raised in mild weather the air may not blow upon the animals.

upon the animals.

Fall, winter, and spring storms of rain, snow, and sleet not unfrequently last two days and sometimes three. No humane, prudent farmer would leave so important and valuable domestic stock as horses and cattle exposed to such storms during the day

or night, and if his stables are well lighted, dry, comfortable, and sufficiently ventilated, his stock will endure the confinement cheerfully, and with no desire to be out-doors. In a climate so changeable as ours, the proper care and stabling of domestic animals are of more importance to their health and thrift than a large number of farmers seem practically to admit.—Hearth and Home.

Judge French on Green Corn Fodder. Occasionally the farming comunity is authority, which seems to contravene all the experience of the community. Of this kind is the opinion persistently repeated in public addresses, that com fodder is the meanest addresses, that com fodder is the meanest thing that can be offered to milch cowr, ut-tered by a gentleman holding a high position in the agricultural world. Now if this gen-tleman should live one hundred years, and make two speeches every day, as he proba-bly might, he would not do good enough to counterbalance the evil which his opinion about corn fodder would do if it was gene-rally accepted as correct. Fortunately, how-ever, only about one person in a thousand ever, only about one person in a thouse agrees with it—not so large proportion we have in the community, of insane idiots. In Concord we furnish about 2 ortion as idiots. In Concord we furnish about 2 000 gallons of milk a day for Boston, of quality equal to the best; and our farmers, almost without exception, rely upon green corn for their cows in August and September. My next neighbor says he could not keep half his number without it. I kept eight cows in the yard nearly a month last year, in August and September, and fed them simost wholly on green corn fodder, giving them a little dry hay and no grain, and they gave more milk than when at pasture, and made excellent butter. We recken sweat corn best, but usually sow the Southern corn, because the seed of the sweet corn is too expensive. I have nearly two acres sown this year the seed of the sweet corn is too expensive. I have nearly two acres sown this year—part of which I hope to dry and save for winter use. If there is anything settled in my neighborhoed, it is that corn fodder is valuable for milich cows. My own experience of twenty years, corresponds with the general opinion. "Error of opinion," says Jefferson, "may afterly be tolerated while reason is left free to combat it;" and the wise men of the East, who denounce corn fodder and swamp mud as useless, create but a small ripple on the great ocean of public opinion.—Country Gentleman.

Trimming Hedges. A handsome, carefully trimmed arborvites hedge is, in our opinion, the best and most ornamental of any that we in the North can grow. The shrub is hardy, and the foliage close set; the objections urged against buckthorn, lilac, coage orange, and others, namely, a tendency to die out in patches, presenting a raged, unattractive appearance, cannot be advanced against the arborytize if it is cared for. We know of hedges set over it is cared for. We know of hedges set over twenty years ago, which are now perfect in every square foot of their extent, and their foliage is most attractive. In trimming the arborvitæ, we adopt a height of six feet, and, stretching lines at this height, cut the hedge down to the lines. Instead of shoars, we use a very sharp grass hook, and the work performed is most satisfactory. The top of the hedge trimmed, we stretch the lines along the side of the hedge a foot lower than the crown, and trim to these, the top aloping from the outside to the middle; we then trim the rest of the hedge nearly or quite to perpendicular lines. The arborvitæ needs a full exposure to the sunlight, and quite to perpendicular lines. The arborvita needs a full exposure to the sunlight, and the practice common in many localities of trimming it with a projecting edge and re-ceding or sloping inward as it approaches the ground, we believe to be a bad one.— Massachusetts Ploughman.

Killing Weeds.

Many farmers have an erroneous notion in regard to the destruction of weeds on grass lands. The impression prevails that the only way to get rid of weeds is to break up and thoroughly cultivate the ground in an proughly cultivate the ground in hood ops. This is not always convenient, or thoroughly cultivate the ground in hoed crops. This is not always convenient, or even desirable, for in many cases it cannot be done without breaking up the herd or dairy, while some uneven surfaces cannot be ploughed. There is another way of killing weeds, such as the daisy and that class of plants, by the liberal use of manure and grass seed. We have eradicated white daisy in several instances by simply applying farm-yard dung and plaster, and strewing the ground with clover. Establish your clover upon the soil and feed it until it is luxuriant, and it just lays hold of the daisy luxuriant, and it just lays hold of the daisy and other weeds and chokes the life out of

The Curcuite. As this is the season when farmers usually erect new barns and stables and repair old ones, a few words in regard to the admission sale. I am thoroughly satisfied in my own case that it would not pay me to follow the 'jarring process,' and my safeguard is to keep the ground in the orchard in good keep the ground in the orchard in good theart so that the fruit will have plenty of heart so that the fruit will have plenty of nourishment. This, with a thorough sys-tem of thinning the fruit, are the only prac-tical methods that I know of that can be carried out in fruit-growing for profit. The jarring process is, like many other remedies, splendid to talk and lecturer about, but one of those that is very seldom carried out in the orchard, and I doubt if it ever will be by the fruit-growers of this country.'

DISINFECTANTS.—The best and most simple disinfecting agent known is chloride of zinc. It is easily made by dissolving zinc in muriatic acid, and can be applied in a diluted state to cesspools, foul and offensive drains for

Sulphate of zinc is also an excellent disinfectant, and can be purchased at almost any drug store in the form of a sait. A haif pound dissolved in a pail of warm water and thrown into a cesspool not remarkably offenbrown into a cesspool not ren ive will deodorize it at once.

Copperas is another agent that may be applied in the same manner and for the same purpose, and either of these will accomplish, if freely used, all that is needed.

Carbolic acid in its varied shapes is also excellent. Nothing better.

PROFITS OF BEE KEEPING.—Mr. Quinby says on the subject — "I do not besitate to state my firm conviction that bee keeping, in the present advanced condition, taken up by intelligent, enterprising young men, will compare very favorably with most other pursuits. The great danger of failure I have found in the mistaken impression that seems to prevail, that this is a business that will take care of itself, that active, careful supervision, so necessary in other pursuits, may be remitted in this. I know of few occupations that make greater demands on

THE RIDDLER.

Diblical Enigma.

7 am composed of 62 letters. My 1, 26, 10, 83, 52, 40, 57, was an ancient My 4, 37, 49, 80, 25, 55, 8, was a musical in-

My 8, 2, 56, 34, 58, 20, 13, was an ancient eity. My 14, 49, 27, 10, 44, 62, 29, was a Bible

My 19, 11, 30, 42, 25, 9, 5, was a celebrated

Woman. My 24, 3, 12, 56, 5, 35, 38, was an ancient My 30, 7, 62, 52, 17, 20, 13, was an ancient

My 36, 46, 18, 3, 59, 53, 38, was an ancient tribe. My 39, 32, 48, 15, 23, 10, 19, was an ancient

omcer. My 41, 51, 6, 22, 25, 16, 47, was a Bible My 49, 31, 43, 60, 8, 11, 52, was an article of clothing. My 54, 26, 29, 50, 49, 7, 39, was a disciple. My 61, 28, 37, 56, 21, 10, 45, was an ancient

My whole is a verse in the Bible.
Sheffeld, Pa. 180LA.

Enigma,

I am composed of 56 letters.

My 9, 32, 45, 23, 10, 46, 55, 15, is a state.

My 6, 33, 44, 45, 38, 2, 4, 22, is a virtue.

My 21, 51, 18, was the residence of a not philosopher.

My 21, 51, 15, was the residence of a sorrephilosopher.

My 1, 35, 10, 27, is a state.

My 24, 35, 8, 4, 43, 13, 42, 37, 56, 34, 14, 50, 16, 12, is a summer resort,

My 17, 40, 8, 49, 28, are alike, and are the initials of a state in the Union, four counties, and one county seat in Ohio.

My 54, 36, 7, 30, 47, 48, 35, 39, 31, is an animal.

My 11, 5, 42, 19, is a girl's name.

My 25, 58, 29, 20, is a point of the compass.

My whole is a popular recipe.

DOT AND DASH.

Plainville, Ohio.

Plainville, Ohio.

Charade.

From any toe you please cut off the end, My first you'll then discover; My second when with jovial friend You'll find when night is over; If wise you'll seek escape from sorrow, And use my whole before to-morrow.

Conundrume.

What sort of fruit is most sought after by editors? Ans.—The latest dates.

Why are ladies' dresses around the waist like a general meeting. Ans.—Because there is a guthering there.

Why is it dangerous always to keep to the right? Ans.—Because there would be nothing ieft of you.

The Why is a worn-out shoe like ancient Greece? Ans.—Because it once had a Solon (sole on.)

(sole on.)

Why is a young lady forsaken by her lover like a deadly weapon? Ans.—Because she is a cutlass.

Why are ducks lodged like princes?

Ans.—They sleep in down. What seems to contradict this? Ans.—They are often

Answers to Last.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA-" The wicked flee when no man pursueth; but the righteous are bold as a lion." ENIGMA—Lieuten-ant-General Wisfield Scott. METAGRAM— Dan-(fun, gun, hun, nun, pun, run, sun,

BECEIPTS.

NEW FRUIT PRESERVER. - Sulphite of New FRUIT PRESERVER.—Sulphite of lime may be used for preserving fruit, and it is said with as good success as the pre-serving powders, and at less cost, as it can be had in twenty-five cent packages, enough to preserve from twenty to forty pounds of

The antiseptic qualities of sulphite of lime are very well known. It has been extensively used to prevent the fermentation of cider, which will semain in an unfermented state months after having been treated with it. We see no reason why it may not be extensively used to arrest fermentation and putrefaction in fruits, preserves, &c., and thus become at a very moderate cost one of our household luxuries.—Rural New Yorker. BREAD.—It is said that a great economy

in the manufacture of bread is secured by the following process: Gluten to the amount as that of first quality, but is much more

FRUIT JUICES.—The juices of raspberries, pineapples and other fruits, are useful for flavoring ice-cream and similar purposes. The juice can be readily preserved by botting. Express the juice and put it in botties; set the bottles in a cold boiler with a board or grating under them to prevent contact with the bottom of the boiler. Heat up the water and continue at the boiling point until the contents of the bottles are heated through. Cork the bottles while hot, seal and keep in a cool place. The bottles should not be so large as to contain more juice than enough to use at ouce, as it will not keep long after being opened.

JELLY.—Take one and a half tablespoonfuls of tapico, soak half an hour in celd water, put it over the firs in the same water, and cook until clear; add two-thirds of a cup of white sugar and enough red sugar sand to make it a bright rose color. Pile up the cakes with this between.

TO THE BOYS.—A certain man who is very rich now, was very poor when he was a boy. When asked how he got his riches, he said, "My father taught me never to play till my work was finished, and never to spend my money till I had earned it. If I had but an hour's work in the day, I must do that the first thing, and in an hour. And after this I was allowed to play; and then I could play with much more pleasure than if I had the thought of an unfinished task before my mind. I early formed the habit of doing every thing in time, and it soon became easy to do so. It is to this I owe my prospectity." To THE BOYS.-A certain man who is

A base ball club called the Red Foxes are said to be awful on "fouls."

Sec.